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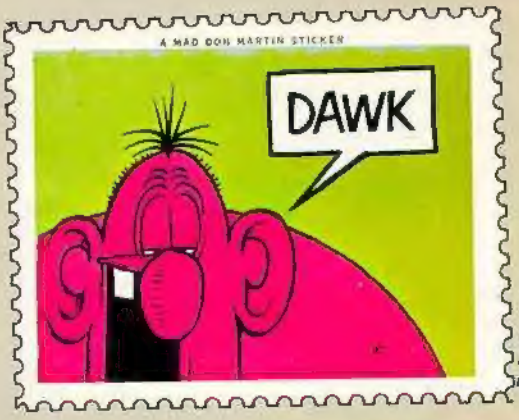

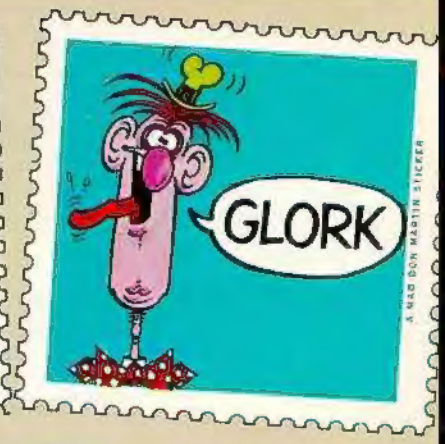

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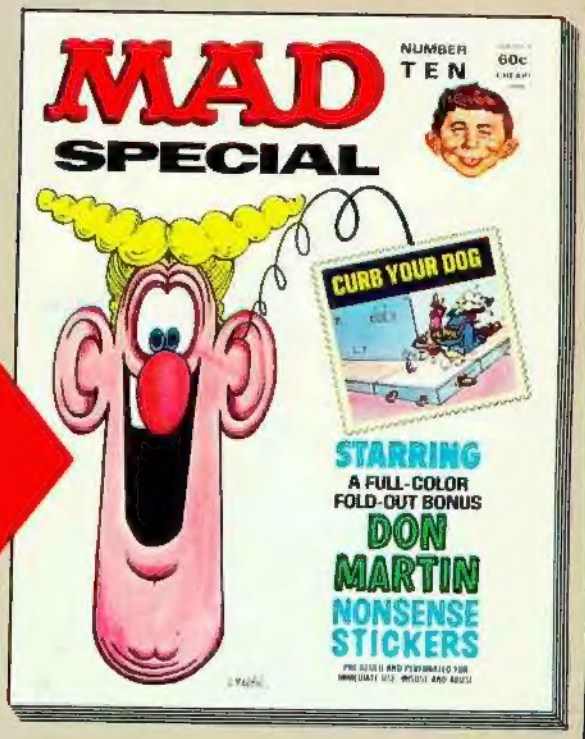

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NUMBER 160 JULY 1973

MAD

"Tears are the hydraulic force through which masculine will-power is defeated by feminine water-power!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—July, 1973, Volume 1, No. 160. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1973 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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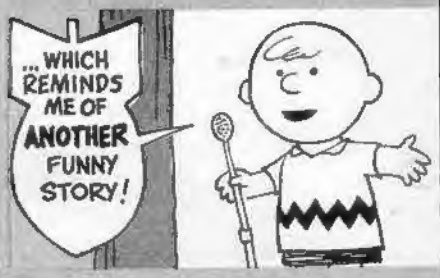

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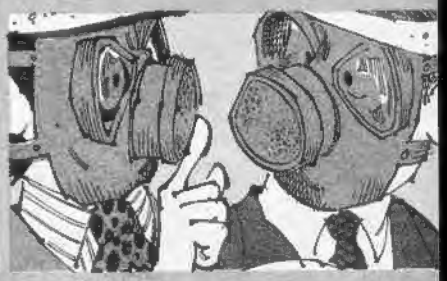

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LETTERS DEPT.

MAD TV VIEWERS HATE BOOK

I thoroughly enjoyed Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book." I hate getting totally involved in a TV movie and when the good part comes my mother makes me go to bed. I'm twelve.

Jim Flax
Miami, Fla.

Thanks to Al Jaffee, I now go deeper into nausea when I see those idiotic commercials he depicted.

Carl Fazzari
Ozone Park, N.Y.

After reading Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book," I turned off my set . . . permanently!

Lisa Gray
Greensboro, N.C.

STILL THE SAME OLD GAS!

Your NIXXON mini-poster occupies a prominent place on my wall with your other political gems.

Phyllis Blattstein
New York, N.Y.

THE POWERS THAT BE

America is using up more energy than it produces, but MAD produces more energy than it uses.

Zoe Waldron
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

"COLUMBO" CATCHES UP WITH MAD

Just the other day I was sayin' to my wife: Those guys at MAD sure get away with murder!

Peter Falk
as "Columbo"
Hollywood, Calif.

REWRITING YOUR WAY TO A PH.D.

If I had any contact or influence with whoever publishes the annual anthologies of best short stories, or best humor, I would recommend Tom Koch's "Ph.D." to them without hesitation. Robert Benchley couldn't have done better in his day!

The Rev. Wm. Sorrells
Watertown, Conn.

Tom Koch possesses a gift for parodying truth with truth!

Emory Damron
Arlington, Va.

Thoroughly enjoyed "Rewriting Your Way To A Ph.D."

Mrs. Bishop
Thesis Editor
Iowa State U.
Ames, Iowa

You just ruined my chances by divulging students' "trade secrets." I recently received my Master's Degree, but now that the college professors know of the time-honored tradition of rewriting ancient crud, I'll never get my Ph.D.

Nora Chermak
Bemidji State College
Bemidji, Minn.

"MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES"

Just saw a copy of the Gaines biography. It probably will be a highly stolen book.

J. B. Post
The Free Library
of Philadelphia
Philadelphia, Pa.

PATTERNS OF SPEECH

Artist Bob Clarke should take some lessons in spider-web weaving. In "Patterns Of Speech," he has a spider-web of separate, concentric circles going around the "spokes." Spiders make their webs by spinning their webs a *continuous spiral* around the "spokes." I showed that pattern to a spider in my house, and he almost died laughing.

Kenneth Mikulina
Chicago, Ill.

"THE NEW COMEDIANS"

I had never the urge to write to you, until "The New Comedians." It was a fantastic bust of "The New Centurions." And *I* am in the Police Academy. If that's the way it's going to be, I think I'll "cop" out!

Pam Millick
St. Louis, Mo.

As a policeman myself, plus a lifetime reader of MAD, I believe your attempt at satire was cruel and unjust. There are bad policemen and good, but unfortunately only the bad get recognized. Such men and women, who shame the many Departments and Forces, are a small percentage as compared to the ratio of percentage of corruption in other lines of work, from politicians to factory workers. All we ask is a little respect and help.

Bill Foster
Virginia Beach P.D.,
Virginia

I couldn't stop laughing at "The New Comedians." But seriously, folks . . .

Keith McNevins
Roselle Park, N.J.

TYPICAL LIBERAL FAMILY INTERVIEW

In "MAD Interviews A Typical Liberal Family," Lou Silverstone conveyed a simple but true fact about our society's so called do-gooders and progressives.

Robert J. Braden
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Lou Silverstone and Paul Coker's incisive five pages of William M. Bugeyes calling on the Heartbleeds of New Leftchester is nothing short of Addison and Steele genius. As the essayist Addison put it, "Satires that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable." This excellent article should have been your *lead*, instead of the inconsequential "New . . . ugh! . . . Comedians."

Maureen McCaffrey
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

As soon as I find out the "Liberal position" on Lou Silverstone's article, I'll let you know whether I enjoyed it or not.

Les Abromovitz
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"THE MAD SHOW" SCRIPT AVAILABLE

After many requests and inquiries, we wish to announce that the Stock and Amateur Rights to THE MAD SHOW, the longest running Musical Revue in the history of the off-Broadway theatre, have been released to the general public. This means you can now present THE MAD SHOW in your own School, Church, Temple, Community or Summer Theatre, Club or backyard. For a copy of the script, and information as to how you can go about securing the Rights, just send two bucks to:

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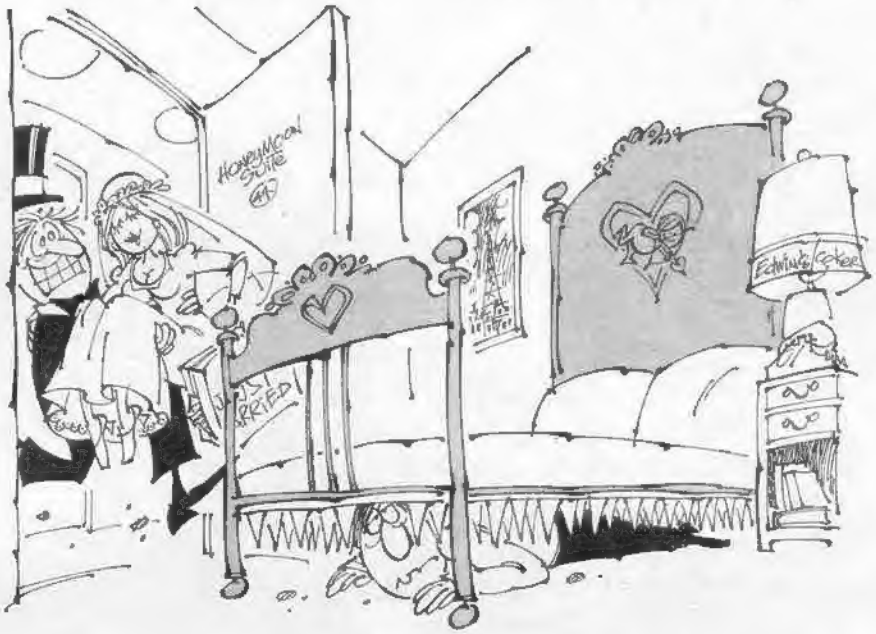

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ROOM TO LET

Yep, at the bottom of these hysterically funny subscription pitches, we always leave room to let you know that the full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid —suitable for framing, or training puppies— are still available! And if we can clean out the office they're stored in, we would save on the rent! So send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

TRUE-TO-FORM DEPT.

Today, everything is psychologically oriented. Books, movies, plays . . . all probe their characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Which may be one reason why Syndicated

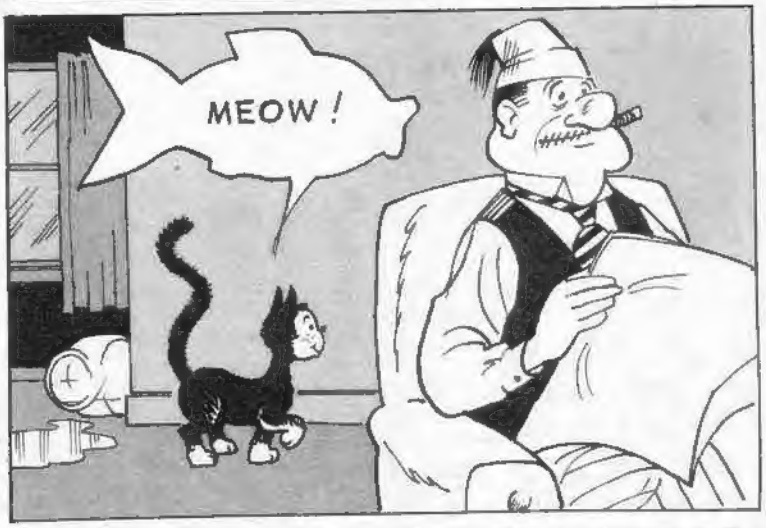
TELL-TALE COMIC

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

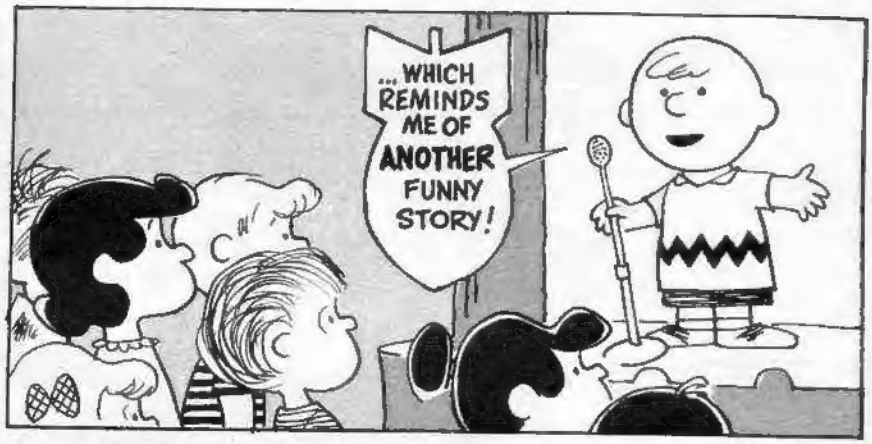
Comic Strips are slowly fading from the American scene. It may be that they lack this psychological depth. So why not add a new Freudian dimension to Comic Strips by using

STRIP BALLOONS

WRITER: DON EDWING



HI!
CHECK ROO


...WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER FUNNY STORY!

SAY! YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU?

HI HON,
I GOTTA WORK LATE AT THE OFFICE!

THE WHITE MAN WILL DEAL FAIRLY WITH YOU IF YOU JUST SIGN IT!
TREATY

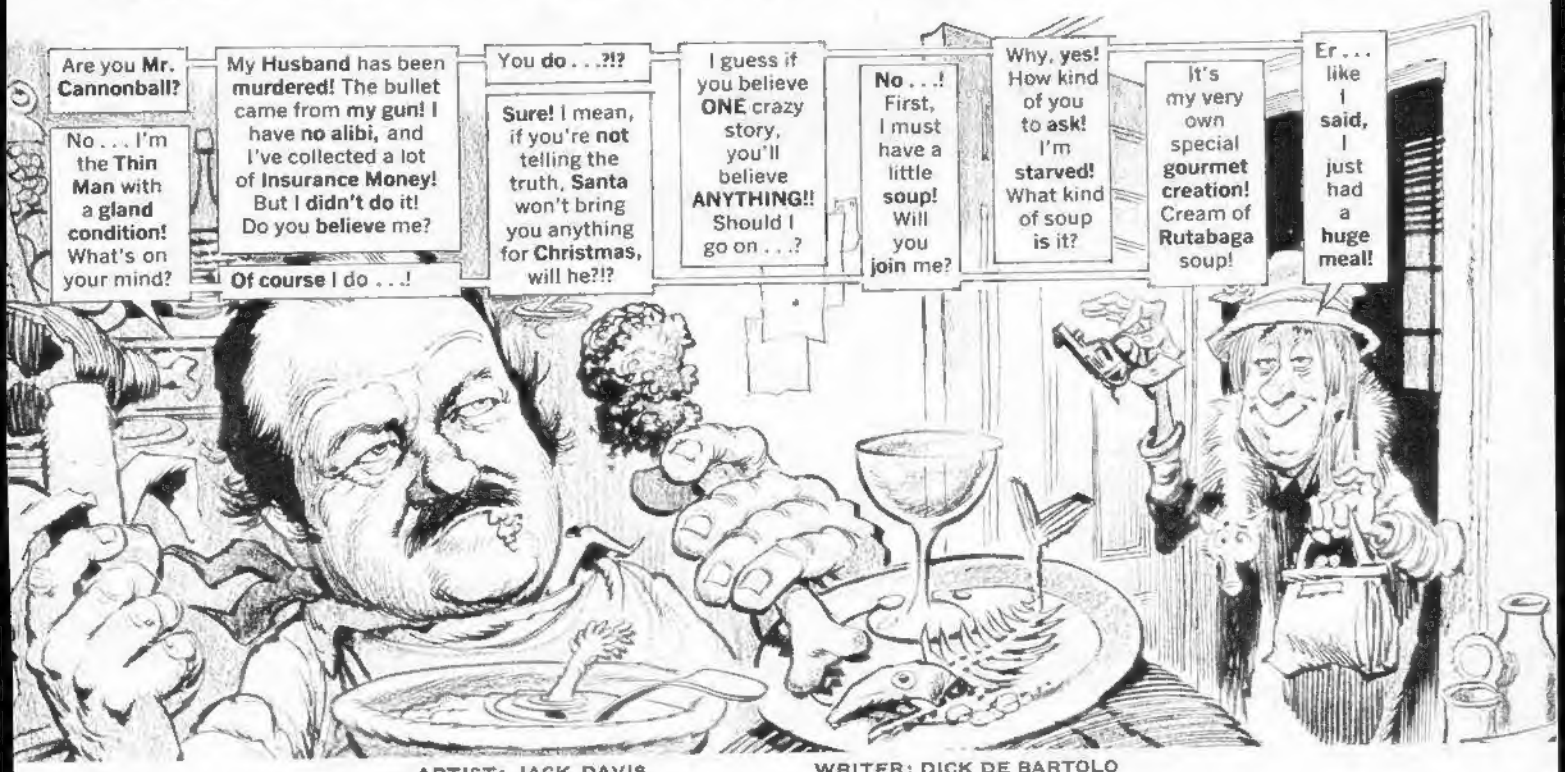
...AND HERE'S THE HOUSE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!
REAL ESTATE

ARCHIE, I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU...
R

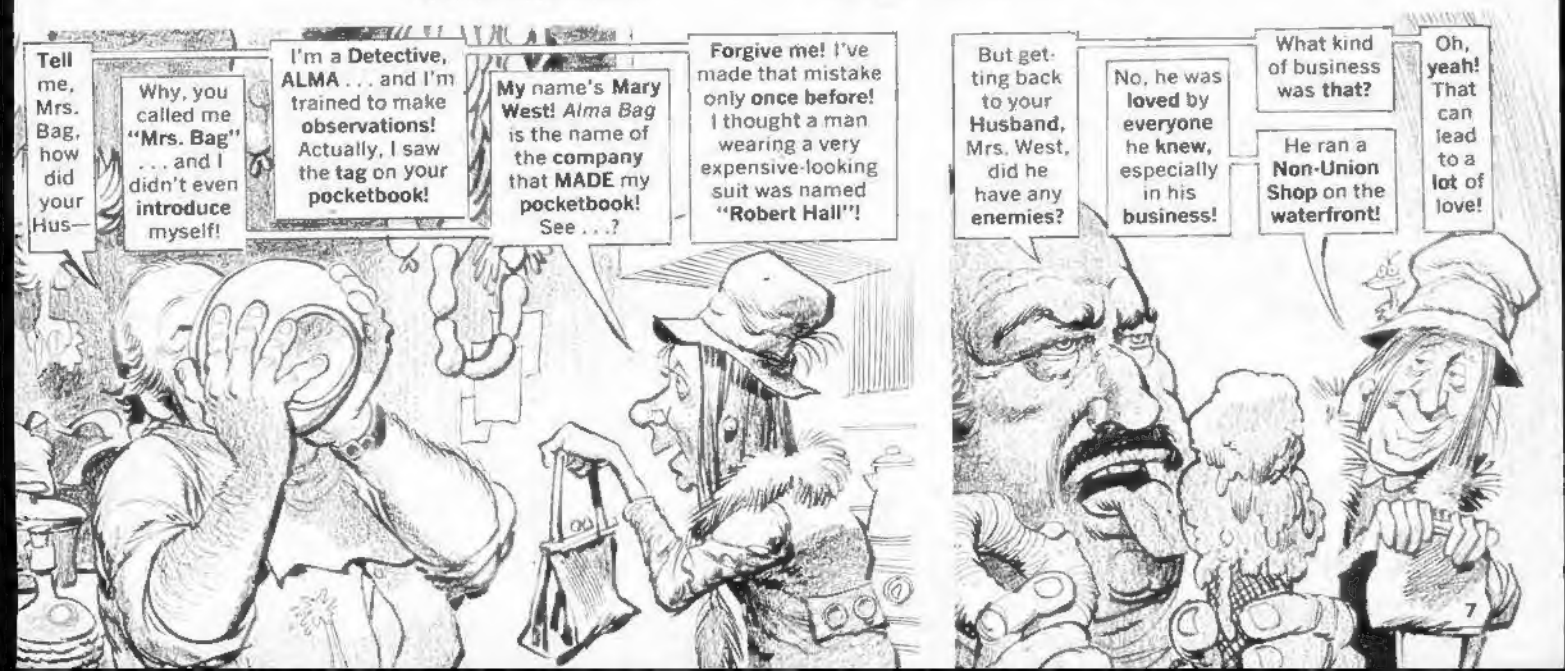
THE FAT'S ON THE FIRE DEPT.

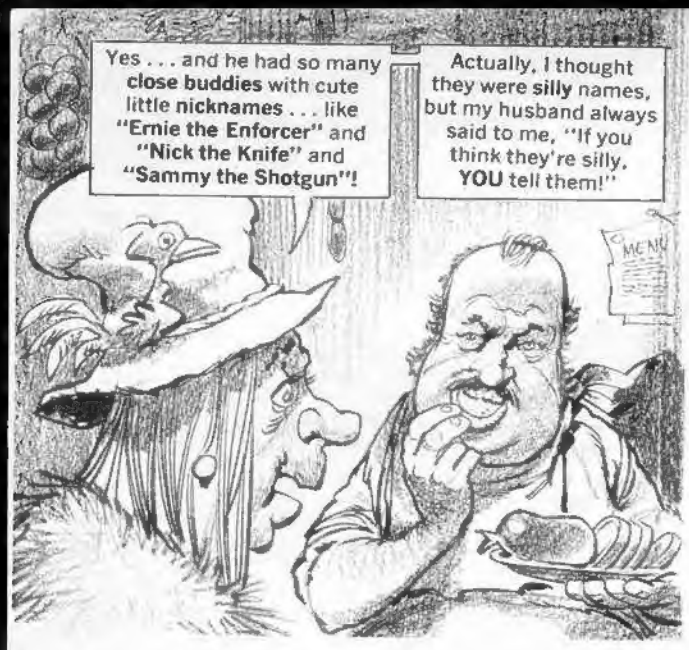
The creative geniuses at the Television Networks seem to be hung up on a new trend: **Handicapped TV Detectives.** Witness "Ironside" (Crippled!), "Longstreet" (Blind!), "Columbo" (Mentally Retarded!), "Banacek" (Polish–a handicap if there ever was one!) and *this* guy . . . a Private Eye with the biggest handicap of them all–Overweight! And what's a better name for our MAD version of this fat, roly-poly TV Detective who packs a gun than . . .

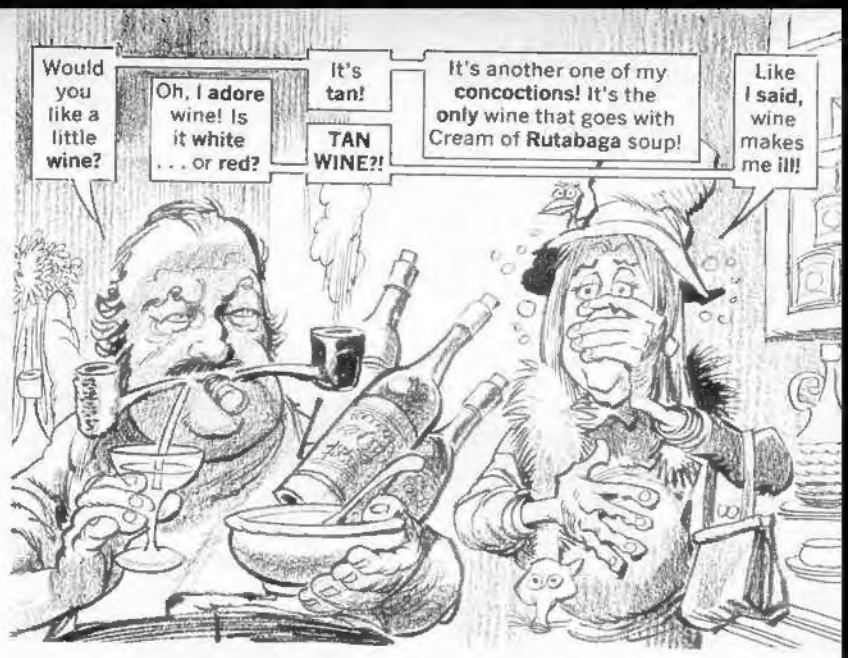
CANNONBALL



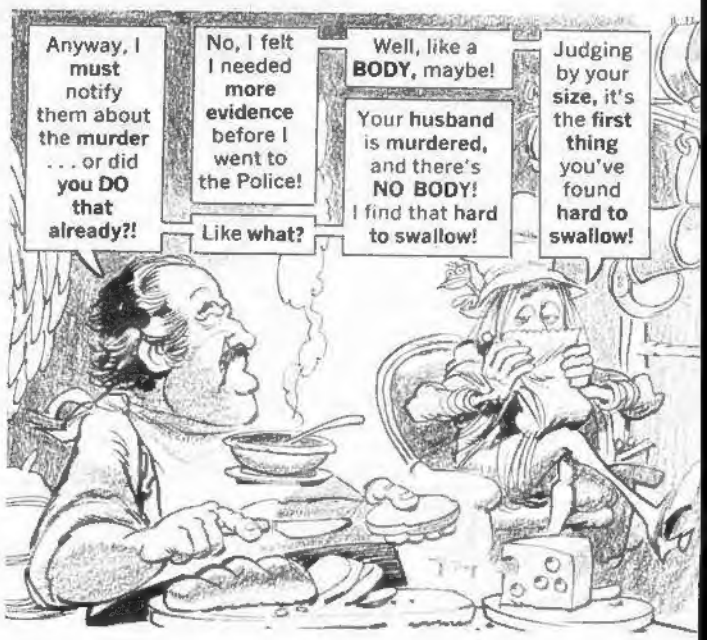
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

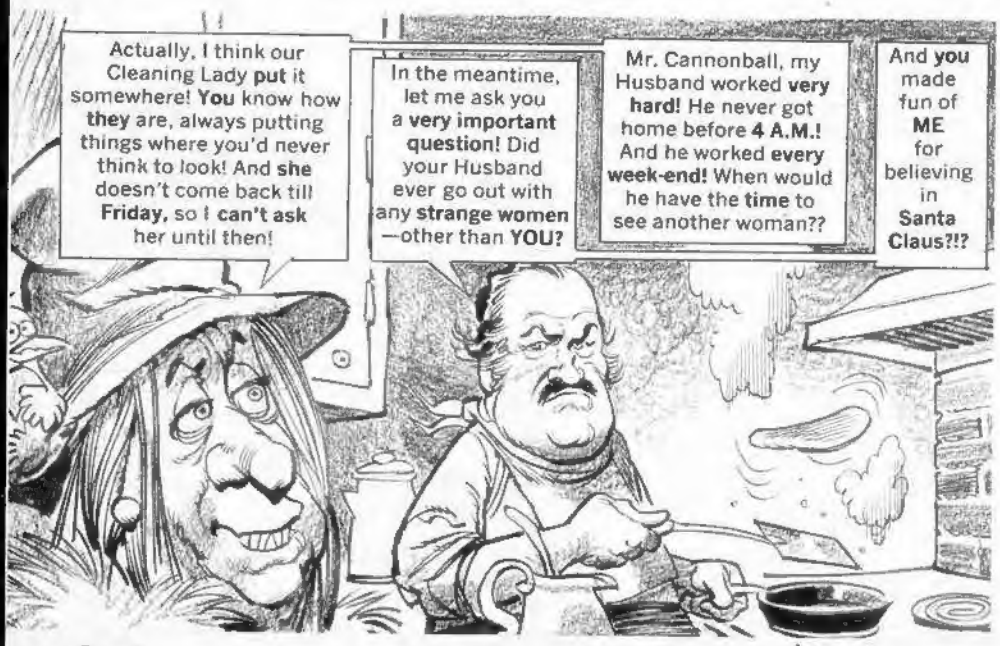


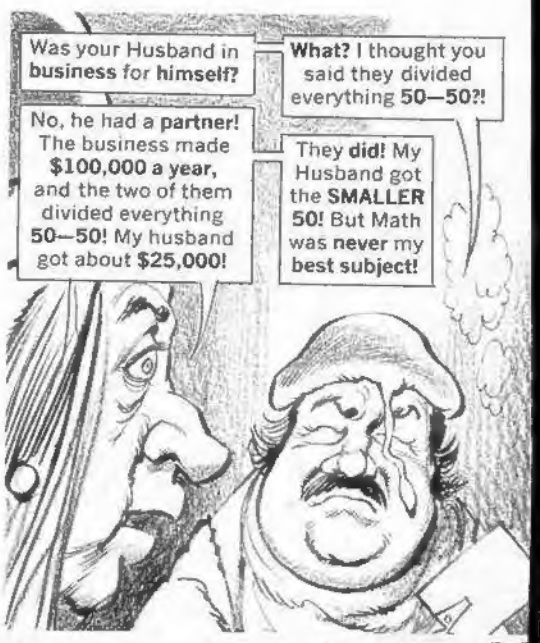

Yes . . . and he had so many **close buddies** with cute little **nicknames** . . . like **"Ernie the Enforcer"** and **"Nick the Knife"** and **"Sammy the Shotgun"!**
Actually, I thought they were **silly** names, but my husband always said to me, "If you think they're silly, **YOU** tell them!"
MENU


Would you like a little **wine?**
Oh, I **adore** wine! Is it **white** . . . or **red?**
It's **tan!**
TAN WINE?!
It's another one of my **concoctions!** It's the **only** wine that goes with Cream of **Rutabaga** soup!
Like **I said,** wine makes me **ill!**

Will you **take** the **case?**
No . . . just **ONE BOTTLE** with a **meal** is **quite enough** for me!
Not the **wine! MY case!**
Okay, but I must **warn** you! Even though I'm a **Private Detective,** I work **very closely** with the **regular Police** on Elm Street!
The regular Police are on **MAIN Street!**
Okay . . . so I **DON'T** work so closely with the Police!


Anyway, I **must** notify them about the **murder** . . . or did **you DO that already?!**
No, I felt I needed **more evidence** before I went to the Police!
Like what?
Well, like a **BODY,** maybe!
Your **husband** is **murdered,** and there's **NO BODY!** I find that **hard to swallow!**
Judging by your **size,** it's the **first thing** you've found **hard to swallow!**


Actually, I think our Cleaning Lady **put** it somewhere! **You** know how **they** are, always putting things where you'd never think to look! And **she** doesn't come back till **Friday,** so I **can't ask** her until then!
In the meantime, let me ask you a **very important question!** Did your Husband ever go out with any **strange women** —other than **YOU?**
Mr. Cannonball, my Husband worked **very hard!** He never got home before **4 A.M.!** And he worked **every week-end!** When would he have the **time** to see another woman??
And **you** made fun of **ME** for believing in **Santa Claus?!?**


Was your Husband in **business** for **himself?**
No, he had a **partner!** The business made **$100,000 a year,** and the two of them divided everything **50—50!** My husband got about **$25,000!**
What? I thought you said they divided everything **50—50?!**
They **did!** My Husband got the **SMALLER 50!** But Math was **never** my **best subject!**

You cover it up **very well!**

Mrs. West, I'm going to pay a call on your **Husband's business partner!** Something is definitely **NOT KOSHER!**

How **could** it be? My Husband's partner's **name** is **Rocko Pastapizza!**

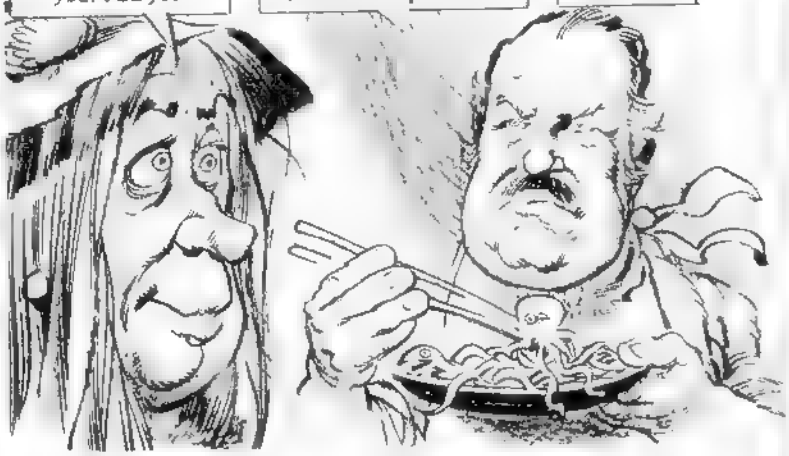
I do the **comedy routines** on the program, Mrs. West!

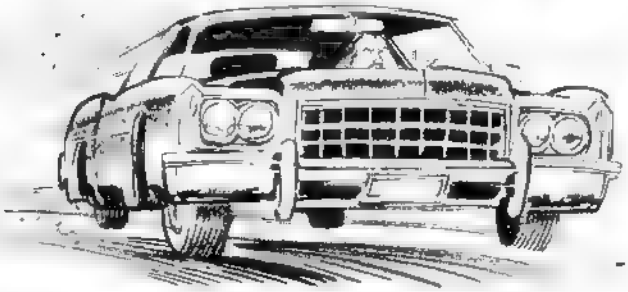
I know! I've seen you use your **Karate!** It's a little **broad,** but it's **very funny!** Mr. Cannonball, we haven't discussed your **FEE** yet!

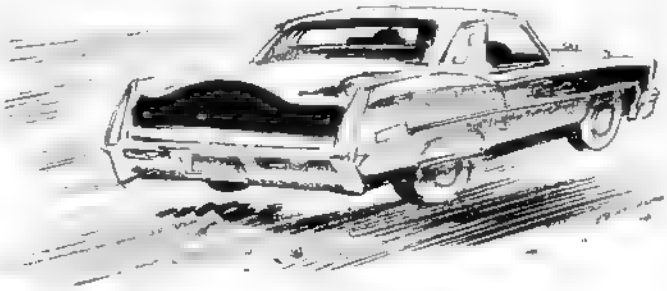
Er—I **never** talk about fees, Mrs. West, except in **total secrecy!** I do not want **information** like **that** to leak out to any **undesirable persons!**

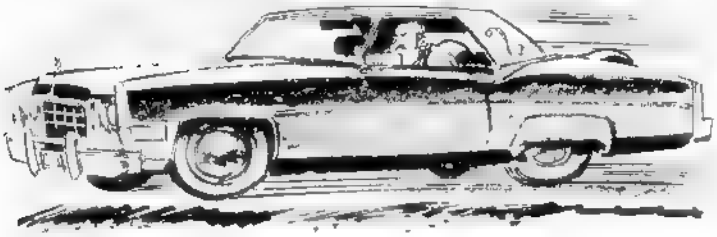
Like the Underworld?

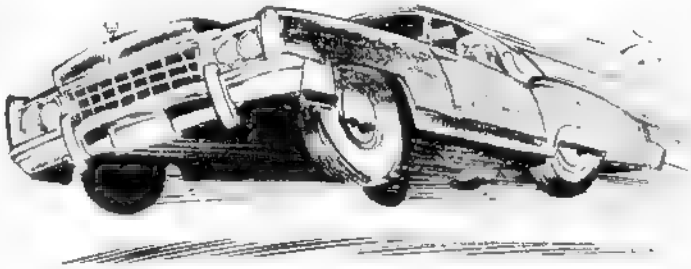
No, like the **Internal Revenue Service!**











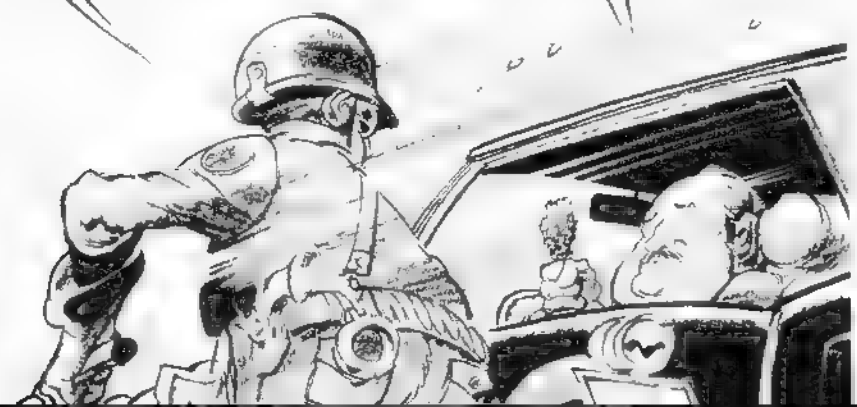
Okay, Mack! Pull that **load** over to the **side!**

Sure! And how about my **CAR?** Just a little of my famous **dry humor** to brighten up your day!

So how come it suddenly looks like **rain?!**

Officer, you **can't** give me a **summons** because **I haven't** broken any **laws!** And if you're selling tickets to the **Policemen's Ball,** I'm afraid that my **Dance Card** is **all filled!**

Oh, yeah!? Well, I **COULD** run you in for **Attempted Humor!**



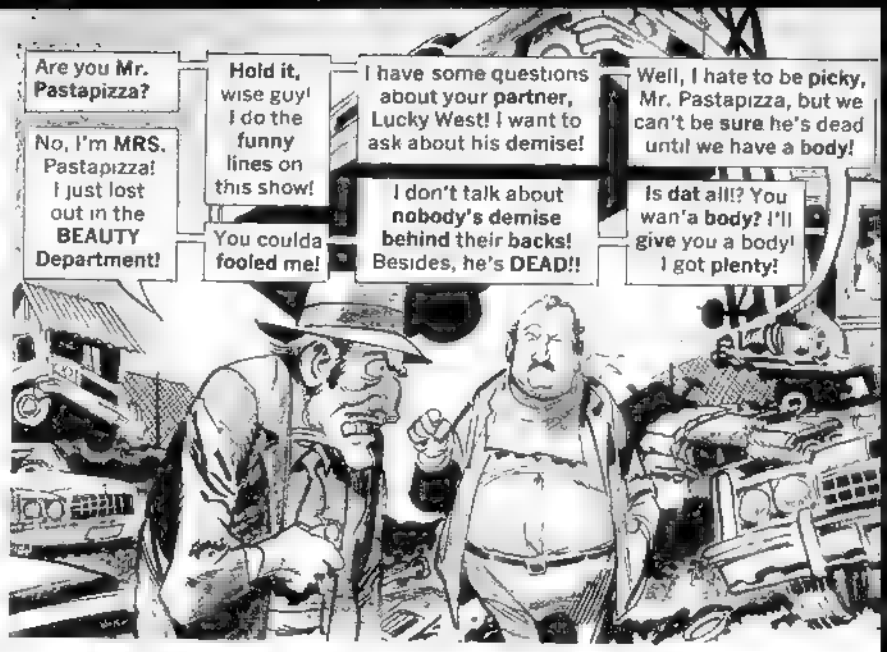
Actually, I stopped you out of **curiosity!** How come you drove around this same block **six times?**

Oh, well, you see, I'm a **TV Detective,** and every week, I have this great **half-hour story** to tell!

Yeah! **So . . . ?**

So it's an **HOUR SHOW!** I have to do **SOMETHING** to **fill the time!** So I do about 30 minutes of **"driving around while looking grim"** each week!

Well, I guess this dumb conversation helped fill some time—so you can be on your way!
I'd love to, if you'll step out of the way! I'd hate to give a flat foot to a Flatfoot!
I could ALSO book you for murdering a joke! Or even for having a crowd in the front seat!

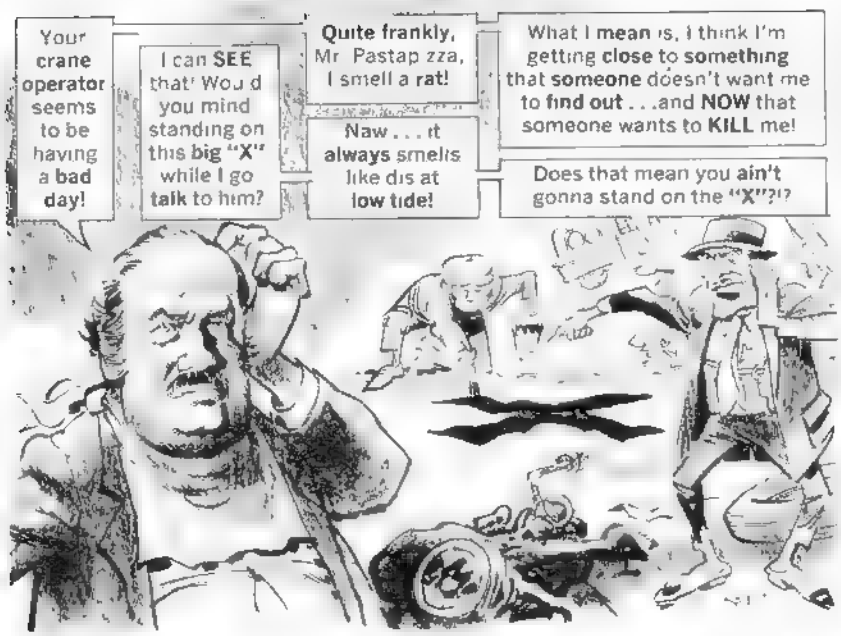

Are you Mr. Pastapizza?
No, I'm MRS. Pastapizza! I just lost out in the BEAUTY Department!
Hold it, wise guy! I do the funny lines on this show!
You coulda fooled me!
I have some questions about your partner, Lucky West! I want to ask about his demise!
I don't talk about nobody's demise behind their backs! Besides, he's DEAD!!
Well, I hate to be picky, Mr. Pastapizza, but we can't be sure he's dead until we have a body!
Is dat all!? You wan'a body? I'll give you a body! I got plenty!

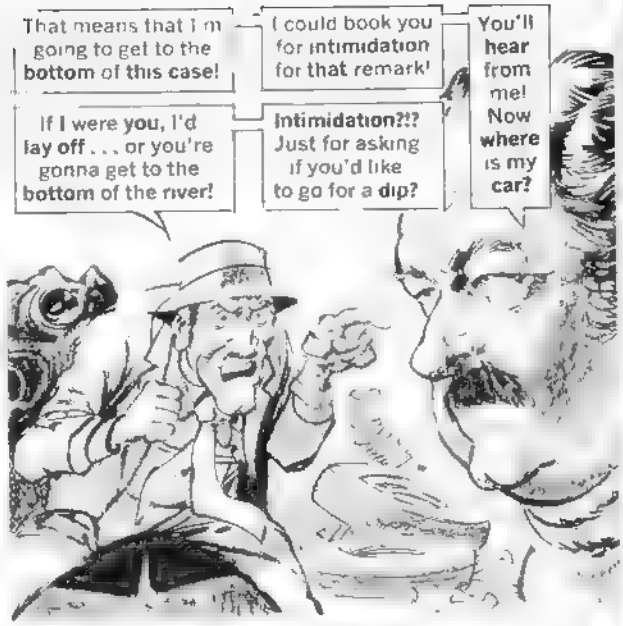
Exactly what kind of business is this?
We export new junk!
NEW JUNK?!?
Yeah! You'd be surprised how much more a new junk car like a 1973 Cadillac brings than an old junk car like a 1943 Hudson!

Could I see one of those new junk cars up close?
Sure! Just stand right there for a second!
KABLAM

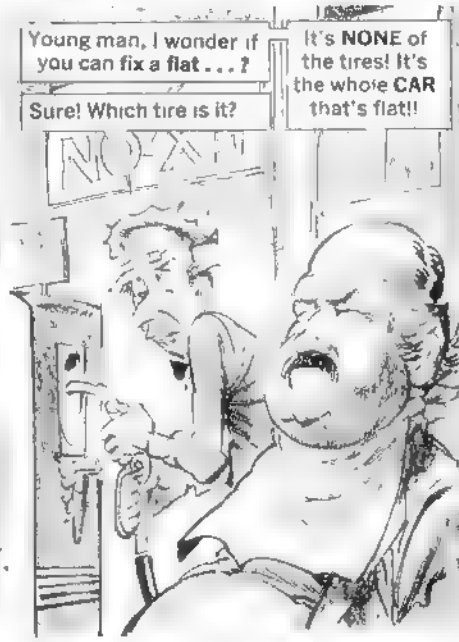
Good Lord, that car almost HIT me!!
I thought you said you wanted t'see one UP CLOSE!?!
But that nearly crushed me to death!
Don' worry! I'll fire the crane operator!
For gross incompetence?
No, for lousy aim! He missed you by a mile!

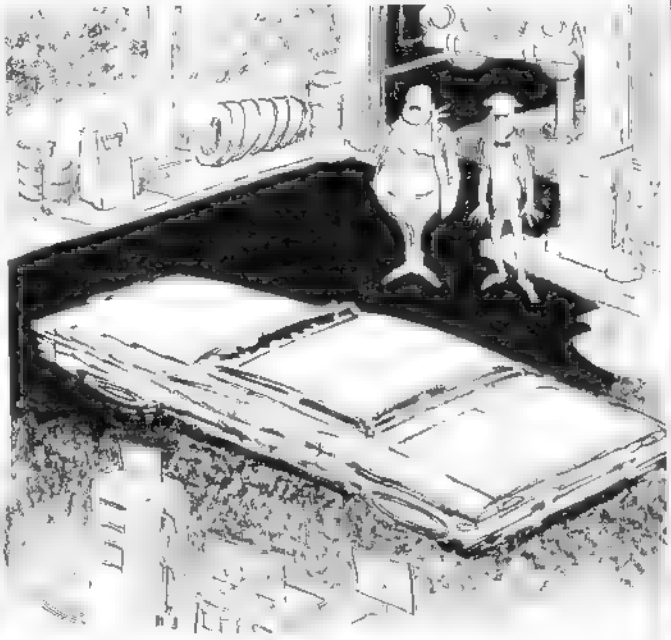
Mr. Pastapizza, those so-called "junk Cadillacs" look BRAND NEW to me!!
Sure they do! Until we give 'em our special treatment!
And what exactly is your special treatment?
KAFLAM

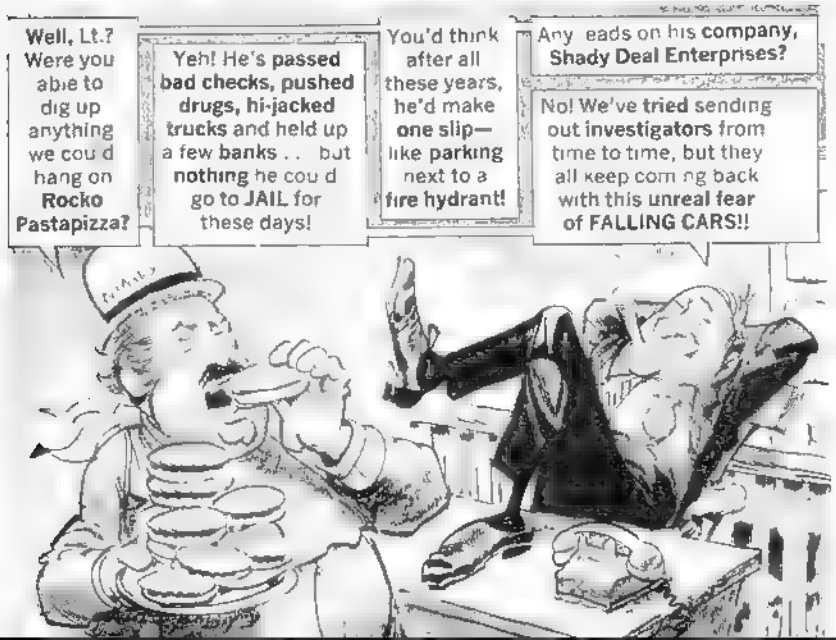

Your crane operator seems to be having a bad day!
I can SEE that! Would you mind standing on this big "X" while I go talk to him?
Quite frankly, Mr. Pastapizza, I smell a rat!
Naw . . . it always smells like dis at low tide!
What I mean is, I think I'm getting close to something that someone doesn't want me to find out . . . and NOW that someone wants to KILL me!
Does that mean you ain't gonna stand on the "X"?!?


That means that I'm going to get to the bottom of this case!
I could book you for intimidation for that remark!
You'll hear from me! Now where is my car?
If I were you, I'd lay off . . . or you're gonna get to the bottom of the river!
Intimidation?!? Just for asking if you'd like to go for a dip?

KABLAM


Young man, I wonder if you can fix a flat . . . ?
Sure! Which tire is it?
It's NONE of the tires! It's the whole CAR that's flat!!




Well, Lt.? Were you able to dig up anything we could hang on Rocko Pastapizza?
Yeh! He's passed bad checks, pushed drugs, hi-jacked trucks and held up a few banks . . . but nothing he could go to JAIL for these days!
You'd think after all these years, he'd make one slip—like parking next to a fire hydrant!
Any leads on his company, Shady Deal Enterprises?
No! We've tried sending out investigators from time to time, but they all keep coming back with this unreal fear of FALLING CARS!!

Hello, Mrs. West! I see you're baking a pie!
I know just what that pie can use! First, some lemon . . .
But . . .
Then some sugar . . . and then a little nutmeg!
But . . .
You'll see how that brings out the flavor of your fruit pie!
But I'm making a PIZZA PIE!!

You mentioned collecting the **Insurance Money** on your **Husband's death**, Mrs. West! Tell me, **exactly HOW MUCH?**

It was a **$500,000 policy**, divided **equally** between **Mr. Pastapizza**, his business partner, and **myself!**

Divided **equally**, that would be **$100,000** for **you** . . . and **$300,000** for **Mr. Pastapizza!**

Mr. Cannonball, **your** Math is as **bad** as mine! **$125,000** for me and only **$375,000** for **him!**

The finger of suspicion seems to point more and more to **Mr. Rocko Pastapizza!** I think I'll drop by his **office** and have **another chat** with him! I should be able to drive there in—say—**20 minutes!**

Oh . . . I **think** so! It's **only** in the **next block!**

Hello . . . **Mobile Operator?** Please connect me with **The Candlewood Inn Steak House!**

Candlewood Inn Steak House . .

Hi! This is **Frank Cannonball!** I'd like you to deliver a **thick filet mignon** —**rare**—and a **large salad with blue cheese dressing!**

Very good, Sir! And **where** shall we **deliver** it . . . ?

River Avenue and 136th Street . . . Er . . . make that **137th Street . . .** No, **139th** Stree— I mean, **140th . . .** Would you believe **141st Street?!?**

Now, **that's** what I call **class!** A **Secretary** having a **white wine with lunch!**

No, **don't tell me!** Let me **taste** it! Ah—it's a **Pinot Blanc '63!**

No, it's—

I know **A Santa Clara '68!**

No . it's a **7-Up '73!**

Oh, Well! Those two always tasted so much **alike** to me!

Now, **what** can I do for **you**, Mr. Gourmet?

I'm here to see **Mr. Rocko Pastapizza!** Tell him his **little game is UP!**

So's his **BIG game!** He's **dead!**

DEAD?!? Was it from **natural causes!**

Yeah, they found him in a room filled with **NATURAL GAS!!**

Gee, I'm **really** doing a **lot** of **driving** in **this** episode! I wonder if I should tell **CBS** I could **easily** fill up a **90-MINUTE SHOW . . .** like **"Clodumbo"** and **"McCluck"** and **"Makemillions and Wife"** and **"Hack Ramsnose"** are doing?!

Are you the Maid?
I do the jokes!
No, I'm the Black Sheep of the family!
Yeah?! Well, I bet I get a hell of a lot more laughs with that "Black Sheep" line than you do!
Where's Mrs. West! Her little game is UP!
So's her BIG game! She's dead!!
Boy, there sure is a lot of that going around!
Don't tell me! She died from NATURAL GAS!
No . . . from fresh air!
Fresh air poisoning?
Not exactly! A window air conditioner fell on her!
Did she say anything before she died?
Yeah! She said, "ARRGGGGHH . . ." "GGGAGGHH . . ." "GACCCKKK . . ." and "GURGGLE!"
I'm really going to miss her!
Did you know her long?
Not long enough to get my fee! This is the 23rd episode where the person who hires me gets it before I can collect a cent! The next case I take, I'm gonna ask for the bread UP FRONT!!
Would you like something to eat? I've got Southern Fried Chicken, black-eyed peas, candied yams and chit'lin's, and pecan pie!
Sounds delicious . . . but I don't smell anything COOKING!
I had it sent in!
That's just what I thought, MR. WEST!!
MR. West?!? How did you know? Was it my white arms that gave me away?
No . . . !
My long pants under my dress??
No . . . !
Well, what was it, then??
REALLY, Mr. West! A BLACK MAID . . . ordering SOUL FOOD to be SENT IN?!? Ridiculous!!
What a disgrace to the World of Crime I must be! It doesn't take a razor-sharp District Attorney to expose my Insurance Money Fraud! I'm nailed by a MALE JULIA CHILD!!
I assume you'll be taking me down to the Station House, Mr. Cannonball?
In a little while, Mr. West! But first, you've given me an idea! Now—where're my recipes for Southern Fried Chicken, black-eyed peas, candied yams and chit'lins . . . ?!

BALL-AND-CHAIN-LETTERS DEPT.

DISTINCTIVE WEDDIN

FROM A LIBERATED WOMAN

Ms. Samantha Rustgrease
Unequivocally Announces
The Satisfactory Signing
Of a Marriage Contract
With
Harvey (nee Schnook) Rustgrease
The Details of Which
Include
Separate Bank Accounts,
Separate Apartments
And a Bill of Rights to Cover
The Couple's Contrasting
Life Styles
And Visiting Rights with Each Other
Tuesdays and Alternate Fridays

FROM A LIBERATED MAN

Monte McHugh
Is Tickled Pink to Announce
After Four Years of Paying
Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars per Month
In Alimony
He Can Swing Again
Following the Marriage of His Ex-Wife
Belinda
To T. Bascomb Schlepp

FROM LOYAL PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Farfel
Feel Compelled to Announce
The Rather Hastily Arranged Marriage
Of Their Daughter
Melba
To Fortune-Hunter Pierre LaDrecque
In The Maternity Ward Chapel
Mercy Hospital
On Wednesday, the Eighteenth of April
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM PROUD PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Mumbleman
Not To Be Outdone
By The Fliegheim Wedding Last Year
Proudly Announce The Social Event
Of The Decade
The Marriage Of
Their Delight, Their Darling
Rosalie
To Future Supreme Court Judge Ronald Scurmley
The Cost of the Entire Affair
To Exceed Fourteen Thousand Dollars
Not Counting the Price
Of Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops
The Cast of "Holiday On Ice"
The Flying Wallendas
And George Jessel
On Sunday, the Tenth of June
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three
Madison Square Garden

FROM HAPPY PARENTS

Mr. Monroe Spritzer
President of Spritizer Industries
And His Wife, Jeanine,
Realizing the Slim Chance
Of Ever Unloading
Their Fat, Stupid Mouth of a Daughter
Estelle
Are Pleased to Announce
The Acceptance of
Marvin Glieb
As Husband and Executive Vice-President
Through an Agreement Signed
On Tuesday, the Sixth of February
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

G ANNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FROM DISTRESSED PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Dinwiddie
Have No Choice but to Announce
The Nude Wedding
And Subsequent Orgy
Of Their Daughter
Quandra
To Milton ("The Head") Eggblatt
At High Noon
On Monday, the Twenty-Eighth of May
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three
Times Square

FROM VERY DISTRESSED PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. S. Thaddeus Wicks
Announce the Disowning
Of Their Daughter
Clarice
Following Her Marriage to
Igor ("God") Mishkin
And Apostles
Cosmo Calhoun and
Lester ("Speed") Quigley
Sometime Last Year
At the
Children of the Enchanted Flower Commune
Taos, New Mexico

FROM TOTALLY DISTRESSED PARENTS

Major General and Mrs. Styles Wilberforce
Are Forced by the Rules of Etiquette
To Announce the Marriage
Of Their Only Son
Charles
To Herman Raffensberger

FROM A FUTURE BRIDE

Miss Veronica Hotstrut
Is Pleased to Announce
That Despite her Impending Marriage
To Eighty-Two-Year-Old
Zinc Tycoon
G. Godfrey Grint
She is Still Very Much in Action

FROM A MAFIA CHIEF

Don Vittorio Collazo
Founder, Godfather
And Supreme Being
Of The Collazo Family
Regrets to Announce
The Permanent Postponement
Of The Wedding of his Daughter
Maria
Owing to the Sudden Disappearance
Of Bridegroom Carlo Lambretti
East River
On Tuesday, the Eighth of January
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM A DELIGHTED COUPLE

Gloria and Harold Himbersham
Are Overjoyed to Announce
That Gloria's Widowed Mother
Gertrude Grintz
After Living With Them
For Eight Horrible Years
Has, Following a West Indies Cruise,
Landed a Second Husband
Retired Furrier Morris Blemish
And Will Move Immediately,
Thank God,
From Their House in Connecticut
To a Condominium
In Fort Lauderdale

FROM A GOSSIP COLUMNIST

Waldo [*"Broadway Beat"*] *Wickles*
And B.W. *(Beautiful Wife)*
Reveal it's Wedding Bells
For Daughter Esther
Who'll Middle-Aisle It
With Lance Freebish
(He's the Blintz Biggie)
Around Noonish This Saddy
St. Pat's
(Remember—you heard it here first!)

FROM AN ESPIONAGE AGENT

K341 AND "SUNFLOWER"
CAUTIOUSLY DISCLOSE
THE CARRYING OUT OF
"OPERATION ALTAR"
INVOLVING THE APPARENT MARRIAGE
OF THEIR DAUGHTER
"TOPAZ"
TO DOUBLE AGENT H97
AT THE APPOINTED HOUR
AT THE USUAL PLACE
UNLESS FOLLOWED

FROM A BRITISH NOBLEMAN

His Grace
The Duke of Flutney
Fifty-Seventh in Line to the British Throne
Is Relieved to Announce
The End of His Impoverishment
And the Rescue of his Ancestral Home
Rancid Oaks
From Creditors
Following his Marriage of Convenience
To American Lord Heiress
Mary Jane Muncrief
On Sunday, the Fifteenth of April
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM A FILM STAR

Renowned Motion Picture Star
And International Beauty
Rhonda Vapp
Is Delighted To Announce
Her Sixth Marriage
To Oilman Clint Sturdley
On Sunday The Tenth Of December
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Three

FROM A PRO FOOTBALL TEAM OWNER

Cheyenne Geldings Owner Cyrus Wiltfang
And Wife Harriet
Request Your Presence
At The Outright Release
Of Their Daughter
Camilla
To Linebacker Ronnie Bushwater
Obtained from the Memphis Rabbits
For Thirty Thousand Dollars
A Running Back
And a Future Fifth-Round Draft Choice
On Sunday, the Seventh of October
At Halftime
Of the Cheyenne-Memphis Game
Gelding Stadium

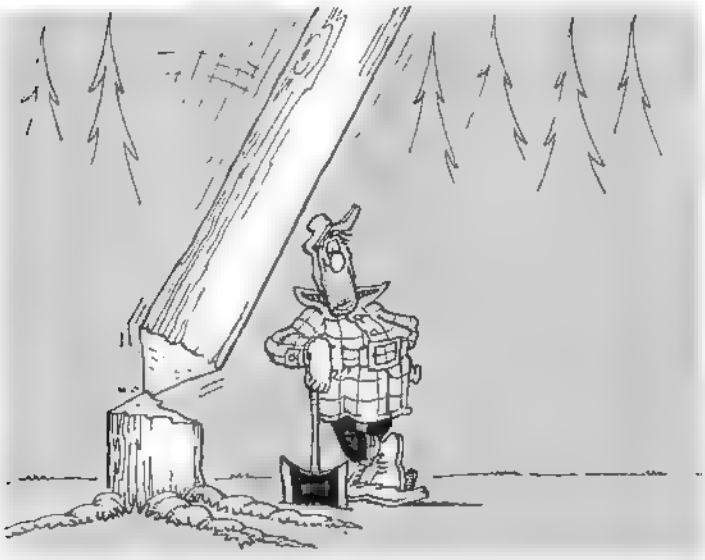
FROM A DISCOUNT STORE OWNER

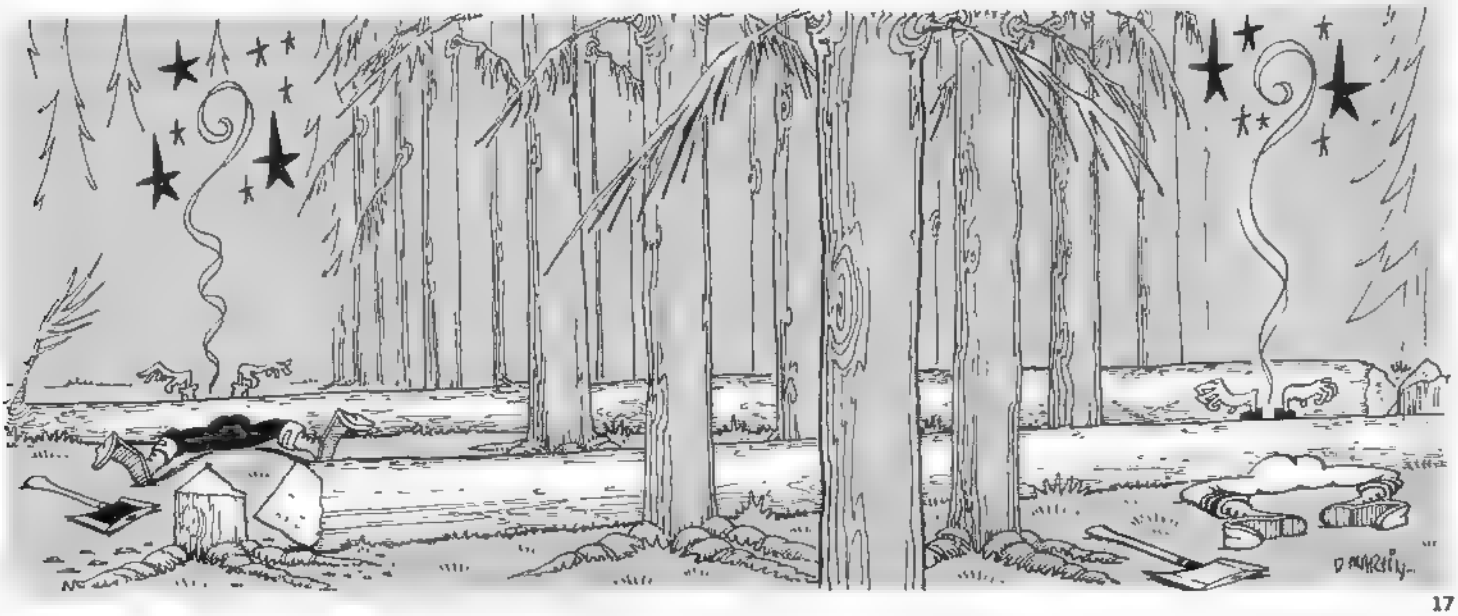
Big Savings

ONE DAY ONLY!
SATURDAY AT 2 P.M!
Mr. and Mrs. **HONEST JOHN** Mulvaney
Offer **A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME**
FAMILY
CLEARANCE
Namely Their Daughters,
BEATRICE,
LILLIAN
and
MARY BETH
Offered *AS IS*
To The First Takers!
ALL TRANSACTIONS C.O.D!
PHONE ORDERS NOT ACCEPTED!
Free Parking With Any Wedding Gift
Costing Over $25!
Main St. Outlet

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

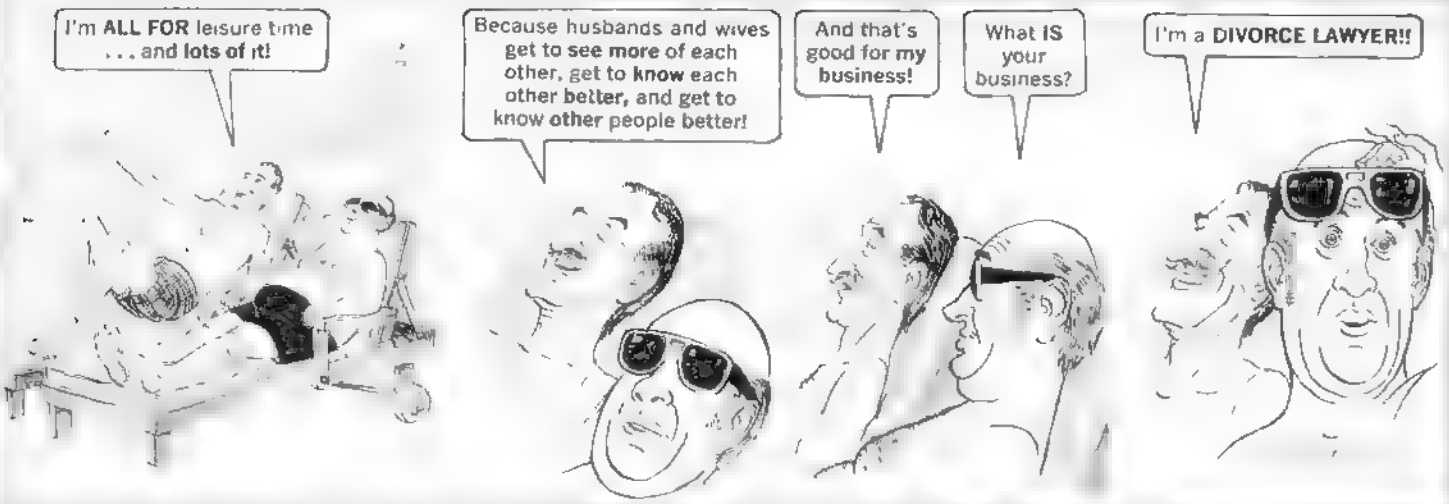
ONE DAY IN THE NORTH WOODS

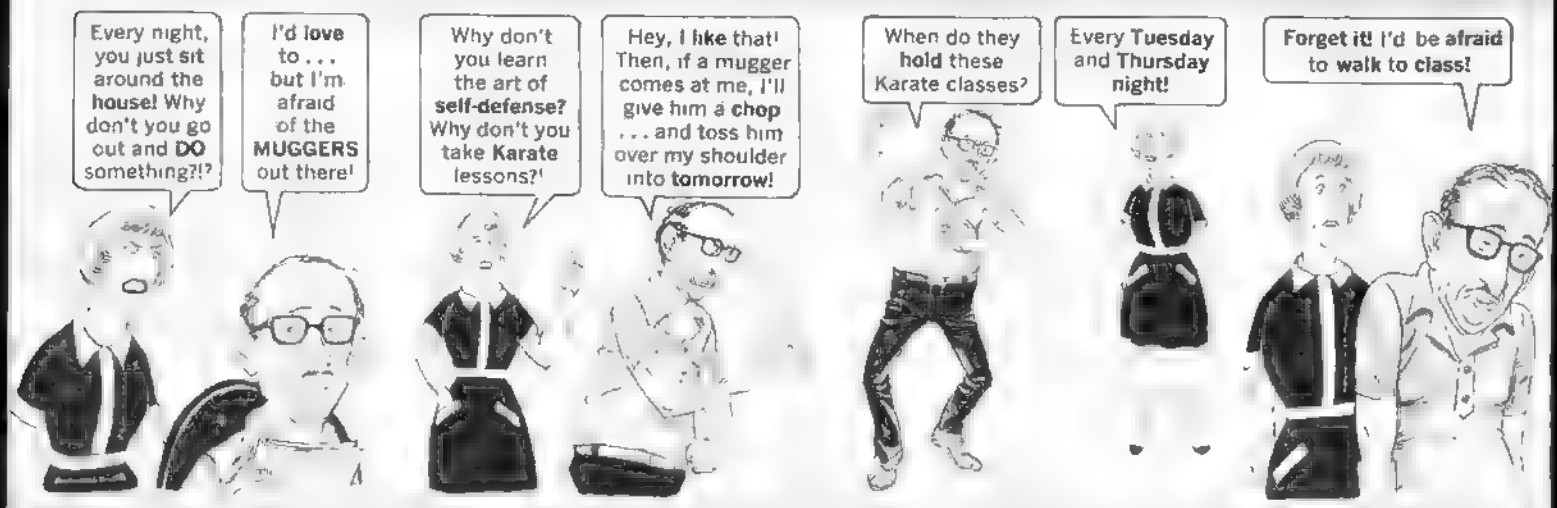




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

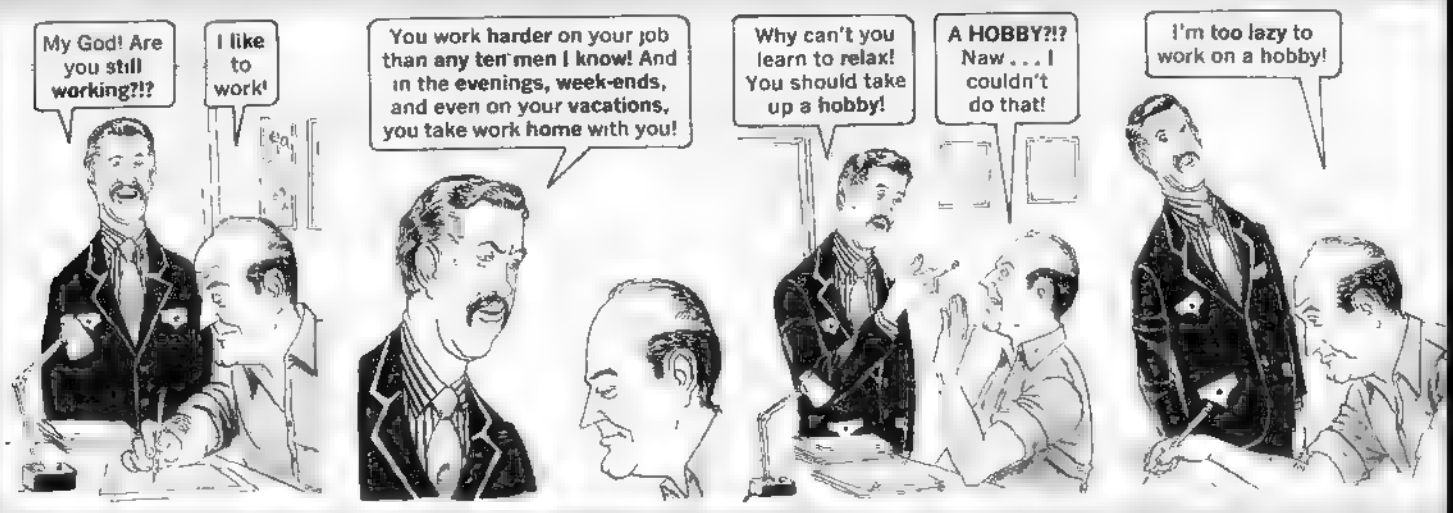
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... LEISU

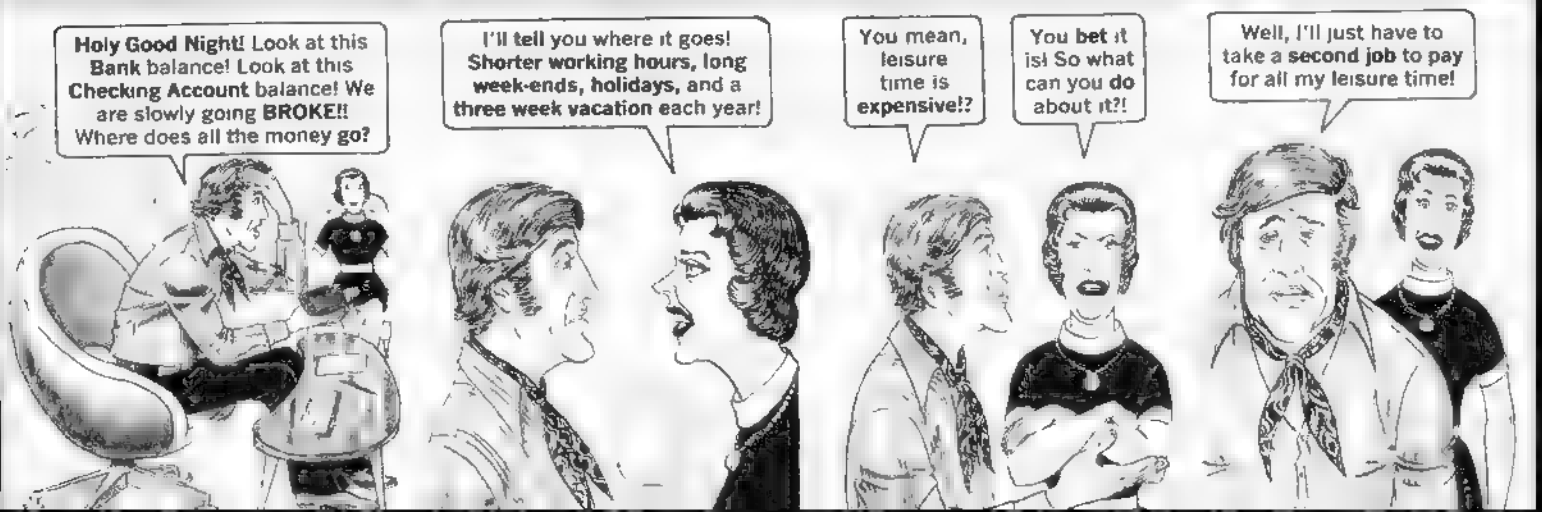




RE TIME

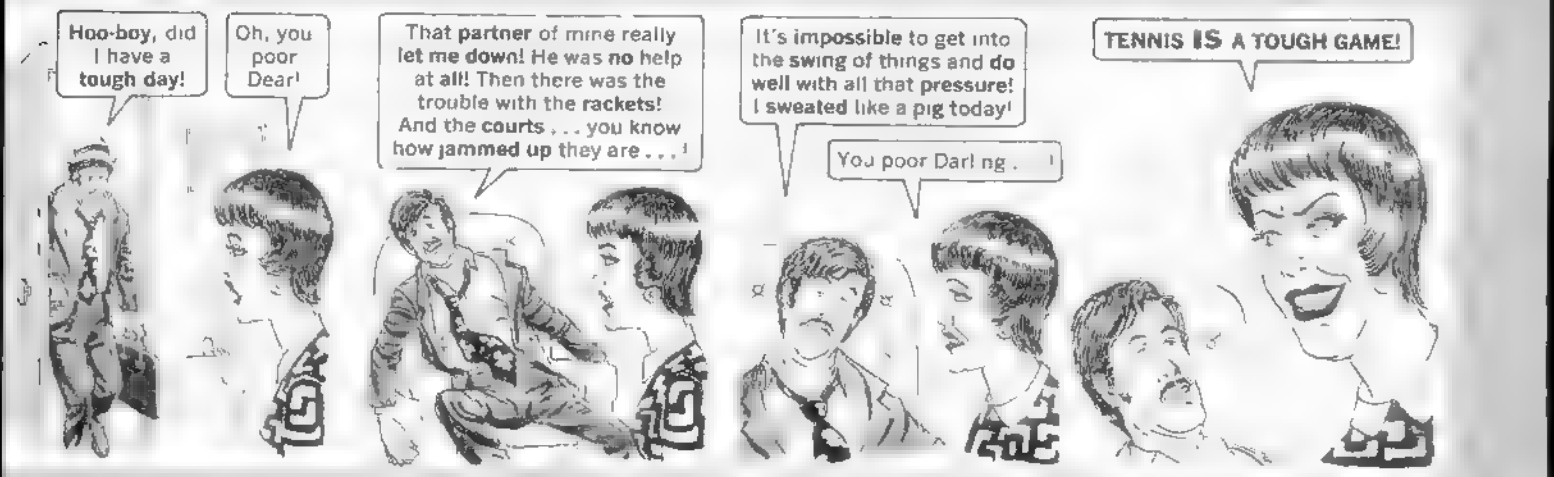
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



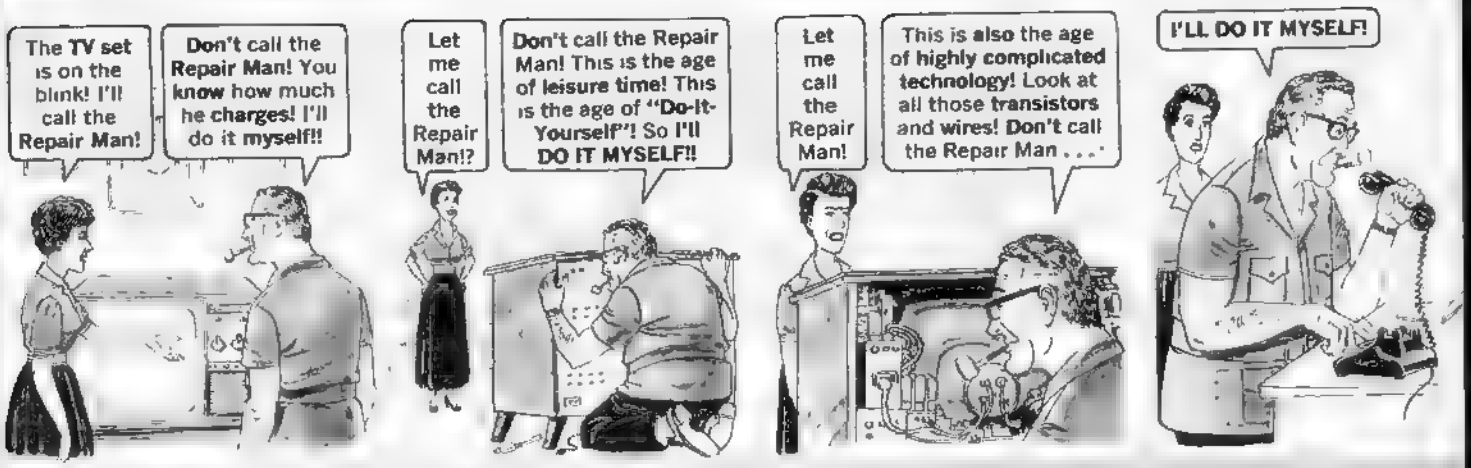


Hello, Lady of Leisure! What are you doing with all your free time?
Some Lady of Leisure! Some free time! I'm busier NOW than I've ever been in my life!
But they say Mothers who marry off daughters have more free time than anybody!
I'd like to know who THEY are who SAY all these dumb things?!?
Because all of MY "married-off" daughters are OFF MARRIAGE!!
And they've all come back to Mother . . . to live with her!!

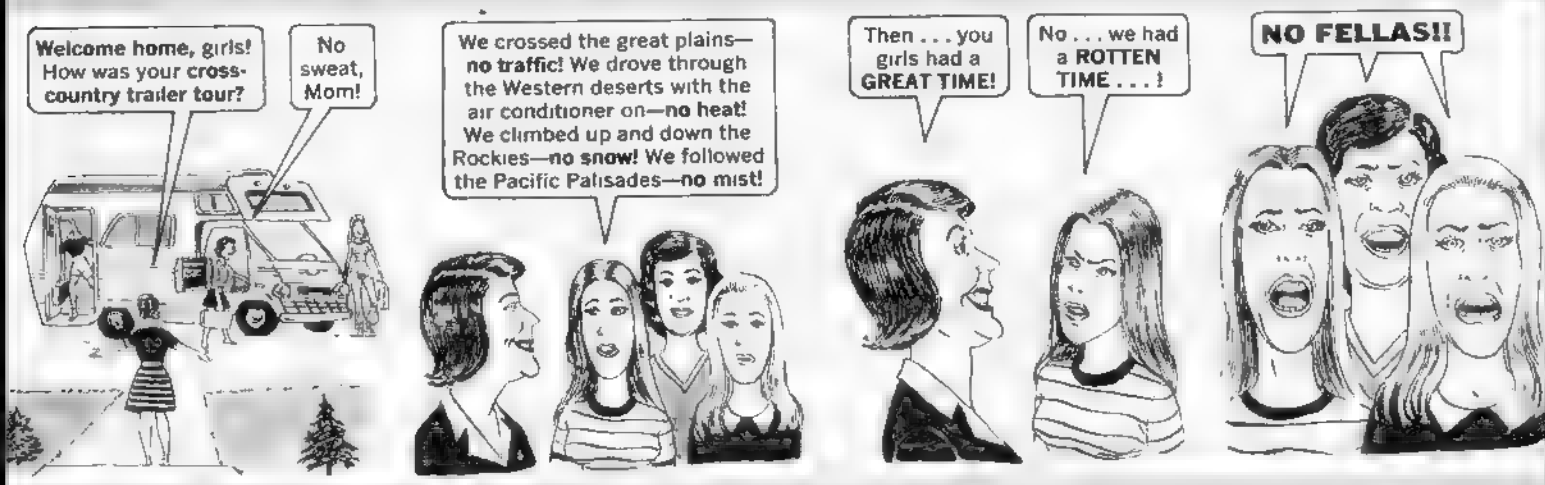
I think it's wonderful of you to give so much of your time to these nuts!
Please! We do not refer to mentally deficient . . . or emotionally disturbed persons as "nuts"!
I—I AM sorry! I didn't mean to use such a cruel, unfeeling word! But you still deserve praise for volunteering so much of your time to them!
Well, my children are off to college or married . . . which leaves me a lot of free time! So if I didn't do something like this
. . . I'D GO NUTS!!

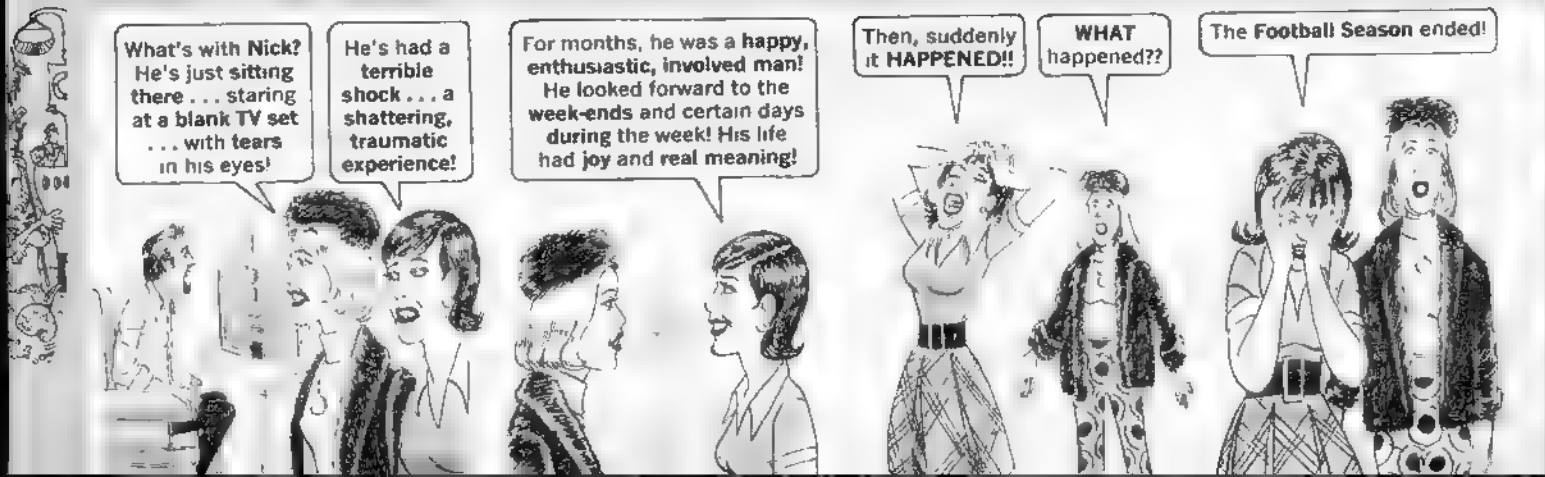

Hoo-boy, did I have a tough day!
Oh, you poor Dear!
That partner of mine really let me down! He was no help at all! Then there was the trouble with the rackets! And the courts . . . you know how jammed up they are . . . !
It's impossible to get into the swing of things and do well with all that pressure! I sweated like a pig today!
You poor Darling . . . !
TENNIS IS A TOUGH GAME!

I see you've got a "Hen Party" going on in your house! All they do is talk, talk, talk!
Yeah! And did you notice! They're all doing NEEDLE POINT! It's come back as a new popular craze!
I noticed! I wonder how that happened?
The way I figure it . . .
The ladies have to have something to THINK about while they're talking!


The TV set is on the blink! I'll call the Repair Man!
Don't call the Repair Man! You know how much he charges! I'll do it myself!!
Let me call the Repair Man!?
Don't call the Repair Man! This is the age of leisure time! This is the age of "Do-It-Yourself"! So I'll DO IT MYSELF!!
Let me call the Repair Man!
This is also the age of highly complicated technology! Look at all those transistors and wires! Don't call the Repair Man . . .
I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

So you quit school and you won't go to work! I tell you, no good will come of this!
Here we go again!
Remember . . . "THE DEVIL FINDS WORK FOR IDLE HANDS!"
Boy, Mom! What a dumb cliché!
Now . . . will you get off my back?! My friends are waiting for me in my room!


Welcome home, girls! How was your cross-country trailer tour?
No sweat, Mom!
We crossed the great plains—no traffic! We drove through the Western deserts with the air conditioner on—no heat! We climbed up and down the Rockies—no snow! We followed the Pacific Palisades—no mist!
Then . . . you girls had a GREAT TIME!
No . . . we had a ROTTEN TIME . . . !
NO FELLAS!!


What's with Nick? He's just sitting there . . . staring at a blank TV set . . . with tears in his eyes!
He's had a terrible shock . . . a shattering, traumatic experience!
For months, he was a happy, enthusiastic, involved man! He looked forward to the week-ends and certain days during the week! His life had joy and real meaning!
Then, suddenly it HAPPENED!!
WHAT happened??
The Football Season ended!

Yecch! This house is a MESS! Don't you ever clean up this place?!?

Sure! It's easy for YOU to say! You work in a regulated office! But do you have any idea what an undisciplined housewife has to put up with while she's trying to get her work done? I'll tell you!

INTERRUPTIONS . . . INTERRUPTIONS . . . AND MORE INTERRUPTIONS!!

What interruptions?

At 10:30, "The Price Is Right!"
At 11:30, "Love Of Life!"
At 12:30, "Search For Tomorrow!"
At 2:00, "Guiding Light!"
At 2:30, "Edge Of Night!"

WHO CAN WORK UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS?!?

Is that all you're going to do on your vacation . . . ? SLEEP . . . ?!?

Huh . . . ? Uh—what is there to do?

The beach is close by! You can swim, go surfing, scuba dive, snorkel, fish, sail, play volley ball . . . do a hundred interesting things!

I guess you're right!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z . . .

Ancient Rome was once a mighty empire! Then the upper classes got too much leisure time! So they drank too much, got bombed out of their skulls, had orgies, and sank into decadence! Which is why Rome eventually fell!

You mean that's what's going to happen to THIS civilization?!? It's gonna fall?!

You can bet your bottom dollar on it!

My gosh! If that's true, we'd better do something about it!

Like what . . . ?

Enjoy every minute of it while it lasts!!

What are you striking for?

Higher pay and less working hours!

Do you realize that we'll soon be working a four-day week, then a three-day week, then a one-day week!? And finally, technology will take over altogether!?

Then, the Government will actually have to pay us NOT to work! And when that happens, what are you going to do??

Don't worry! We'll still be plenty busy . . .

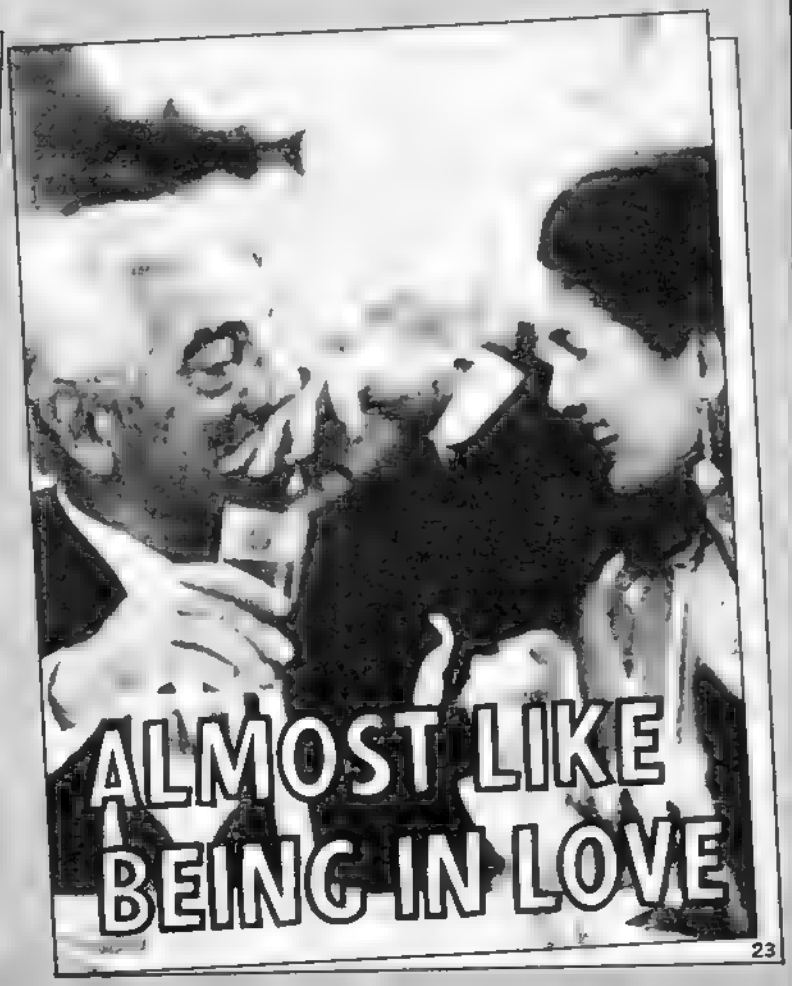
. . striking for higher pay!

David Horne

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS & MUSIC DEPT.

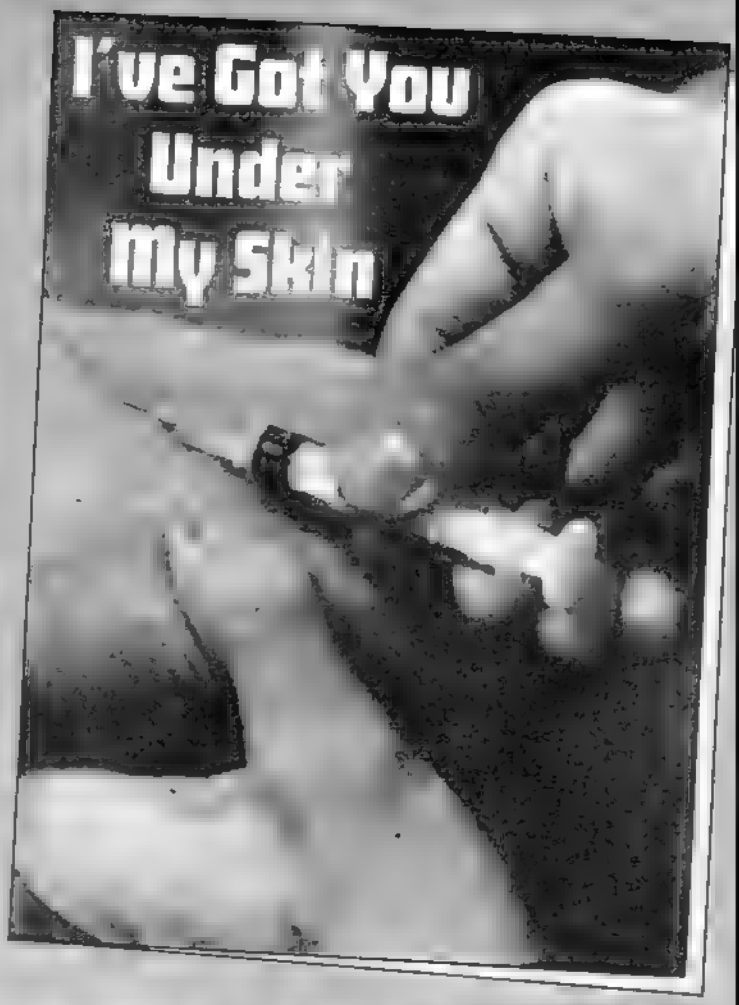
A MAD LOOK AT SHEET MUSIC

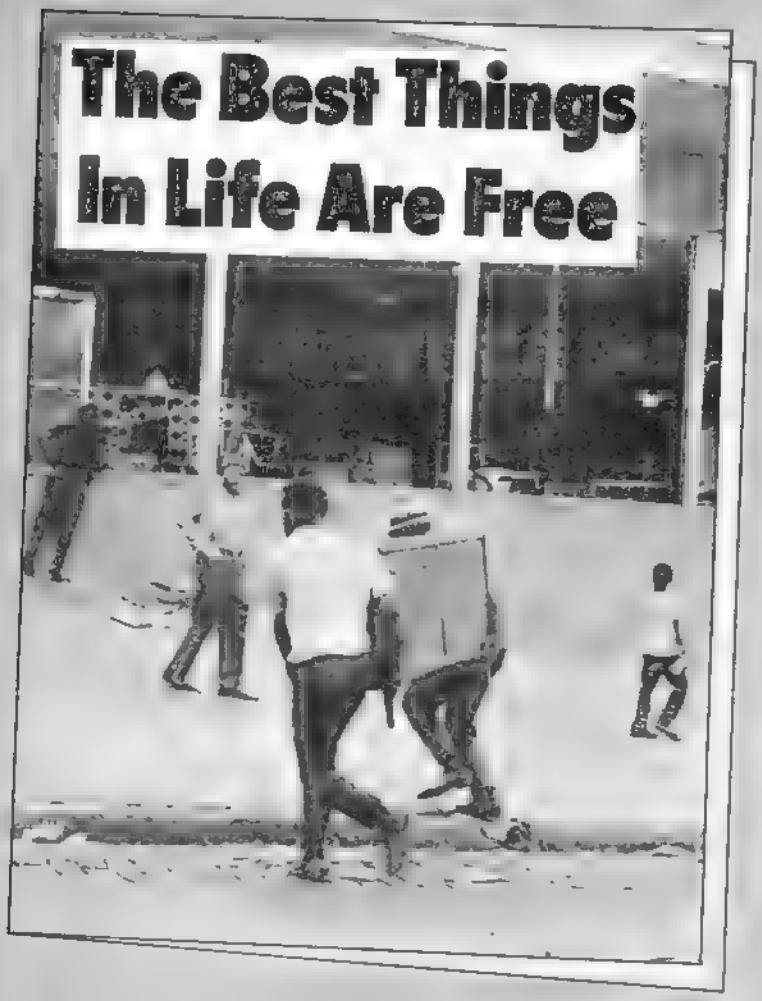
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS
IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

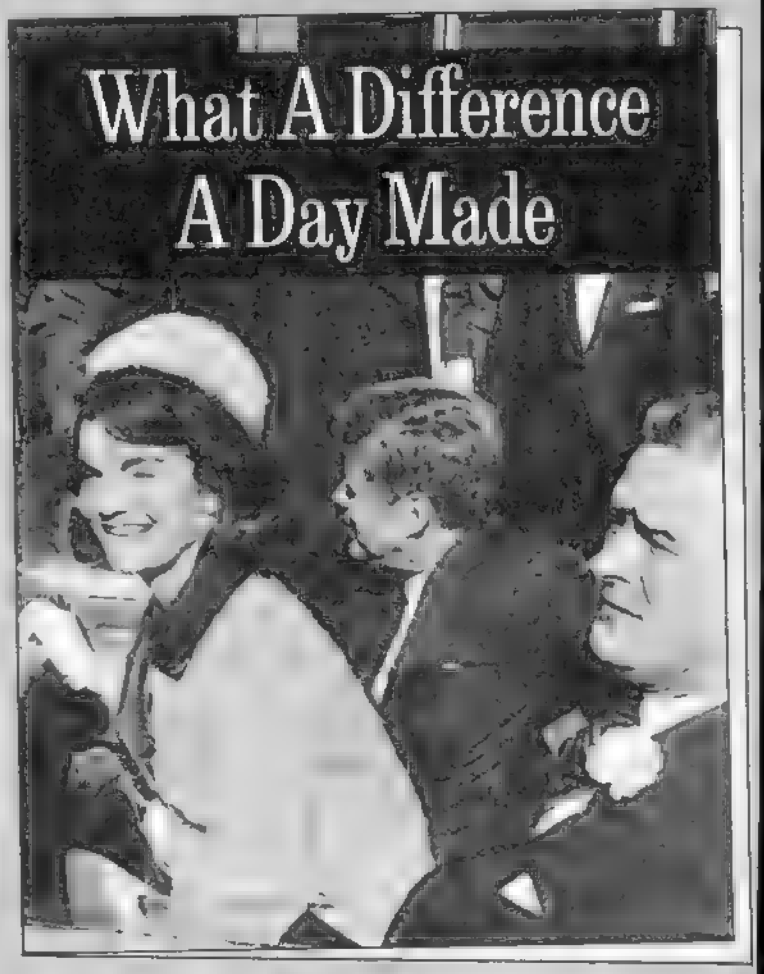


PHOTOS BY
RPI AND
WORLD WIDE

LOVE IS BLUE
BIG AL'S
COMPLE
NUDE
SEX SHO
CONDOR
MAN & WOMAN
NUDE LOVE DANCE
LIVE & SEDUCTIVE
JEANNIE TRACY
GIGI
NAKED SEDUCTION
LIVE IN THE
BEDROOM


I've Got You
Under
My Skin

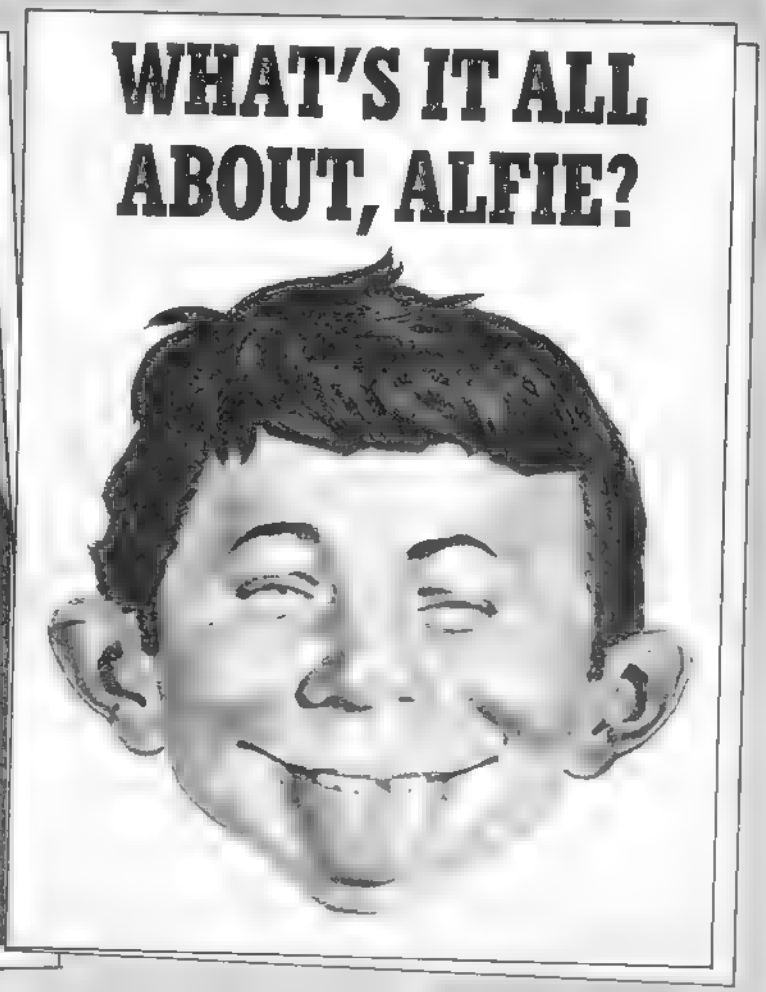

The Best Things
In Life Are Free

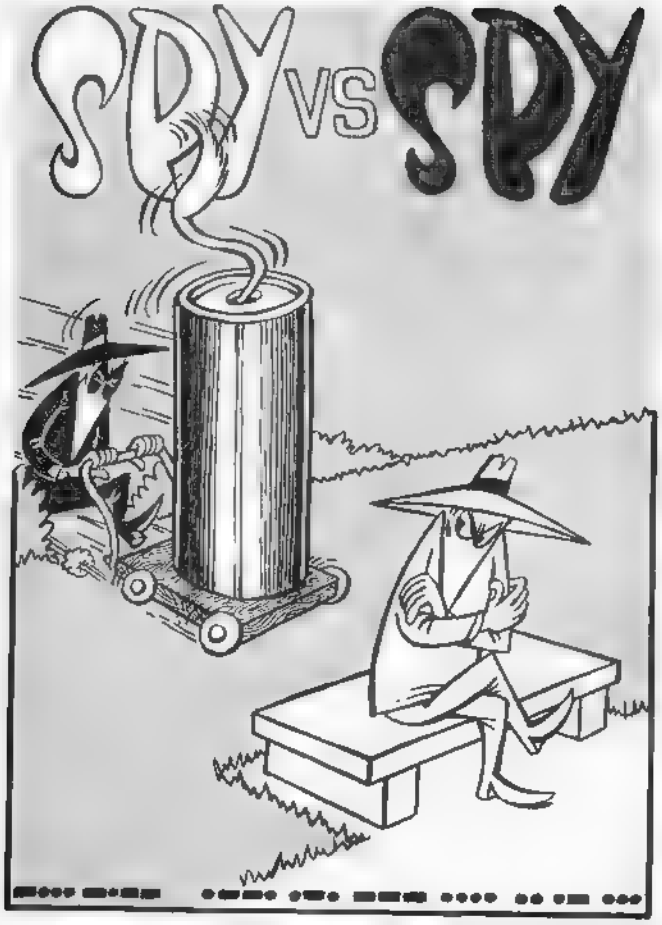

What A Difference
A Day Made

THE
SIDEWALKS
OF
NEW YORK

Bye, Bye,
Blackbird!

MONDAY, MONDAY


WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT, ALFIE?


SPY VS SPY

ENVIRONMENTALLY DISTURBED DEPT.

MAD'S CORPORATE ECOLOGIST OF THE YEAR

Hi! I'm **Arthur Godly**, and I've been asked to conduct another of these **ridiculous MAD interviews!** Now, let's talk to **Mr. Gregory Garble,** who we've named . . .

Mr. Garble—

Just call me, **Greg,** Arthur, baby!

Greg, what are the big corporations **doing** about **pollution!**

Le'me open the **window,** dummy, and you can **see** for **yourself!**

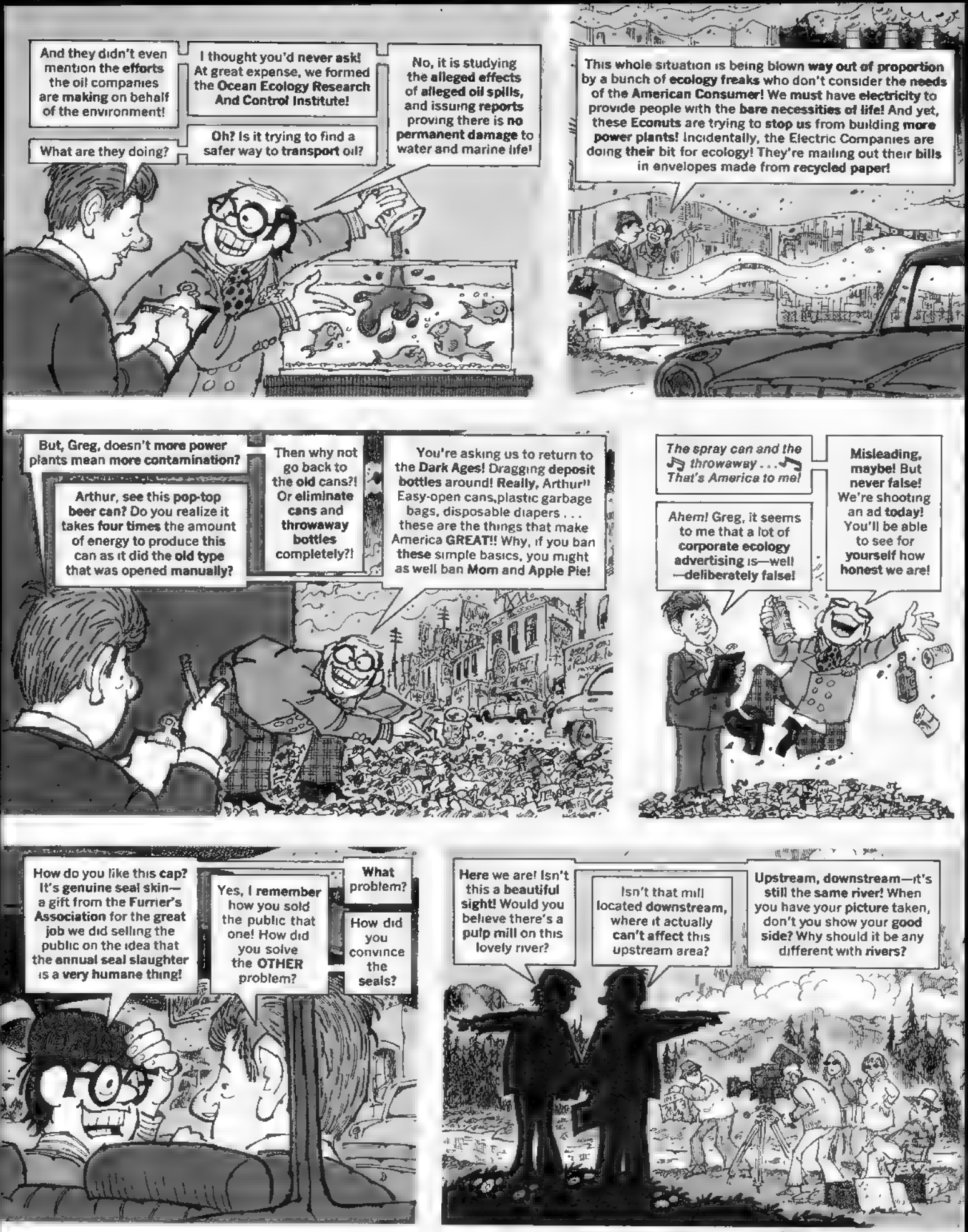
No . . . I mean what are you doing about **SOLVING** the problem?

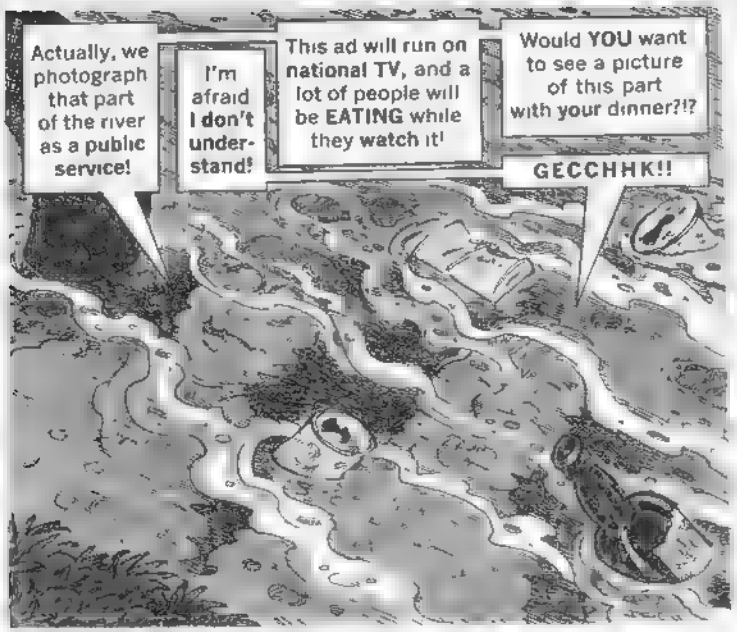
Arthur we're spending **millions of dollars!**

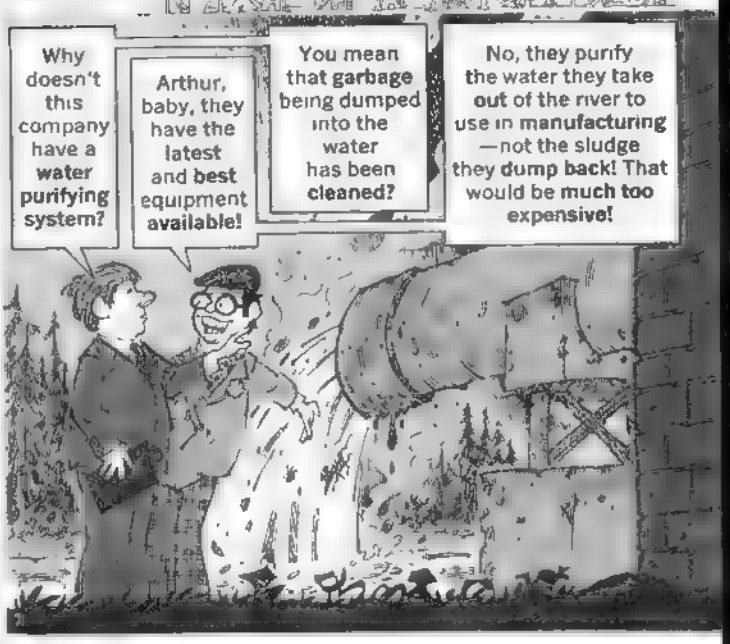
To clean up the **atmosphere?**

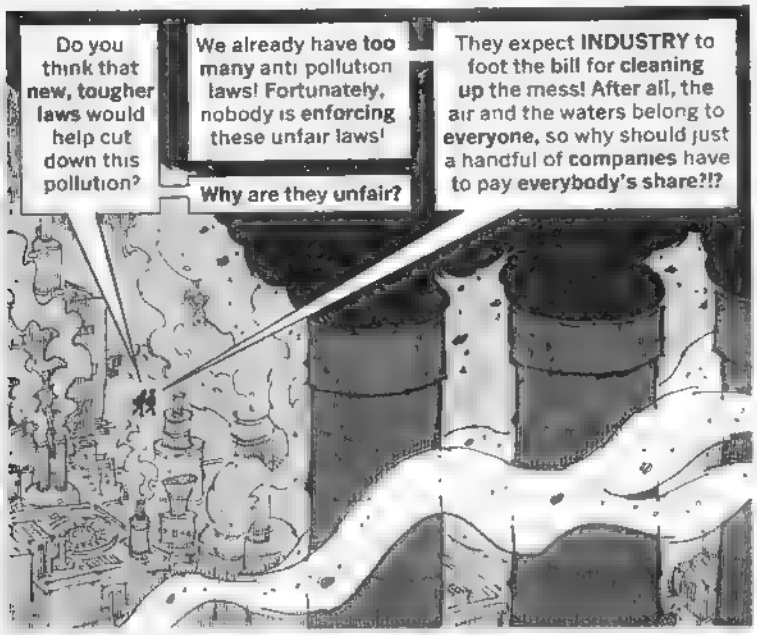
No . . . on **advertising** —to clean up the **corporate image!**

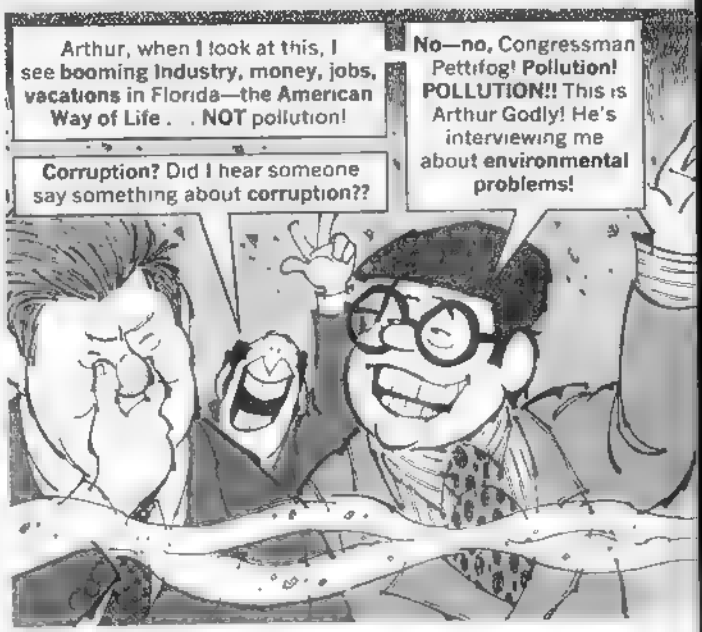
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

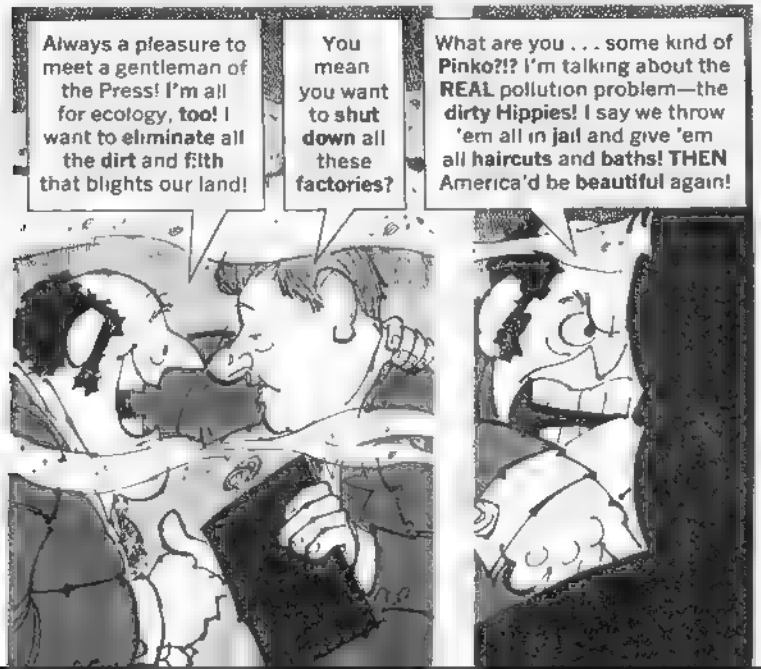

And they didn't even mention the efforts the oil companies are making on behalf of the environment!
I thought you'd never ask! At great expense, we formed the Ocean Ecology Research And Control Institute!
No, it is studying the alleged effects of alleged oil spills, and issuing reports proving there is no permanent damage to water and marine life!
What are they doing?
Oh? Is it trying to find a safer way to transport oil?
This whole situation is being blown way out of proportion by a bunch of ecology freaks who don't consider the needs of the American Consumer! We must have electricity to provide people with the bare necessities of life! And yet, these Econuts are trying to stop us from building more power plants! Incidentally, the Electric Companies are doing their bit for ecology! They're mailing out their bills in envelopes made from recycled paper!
But, Greg, doesn't more power plants mean more contamination?
Arthur, see this pop-top beer can? Do you realize it takes four times the amount of energy to produce this can as it did the old type that was opened manually?
Then why not go back to the old cans?! Or eliminate cans and throwaway bottles completely?!
You're asking us to return to the Dark Ages! Dragging deposit bottles around! Really, Arthur!! Easy-open cans, plastic garbage bags, disposable diapers . . . these are the things that make America GREAT!! Why, if you ban these simple basics, you might as well ban Mom and Apple Pie!
The spray can and the ♫ throwaway . . . ♫ That's America to me!
Ahem! Greg, it seems to me that a lot of corporate ecology advertising is—well—deliberately false!
Misleading, maybe! But never false! We're shooting an ad today! You'll be able to see for yourself how honest we are!
How do you like this cap? It's genuine seal skin—a gift from the Furrier's Association for the great job we did selling the public on the idea that the annual seal slaughter is a very humane thing!
Yes, I remember how you sold the public that one! How did you solve the OTHER problem?
What problem?
How did you convince the seals?
Here we are! Isn't this a beautiful sight! Would you believe there's a pulp mill on this lovely river?
Isn't that mill located downstream, where it actually can't affect this upstream area?
Upstream, downstream—it's still the same river! When you have your picture taken, don't you show your good side? Why should it be any different with rivers?

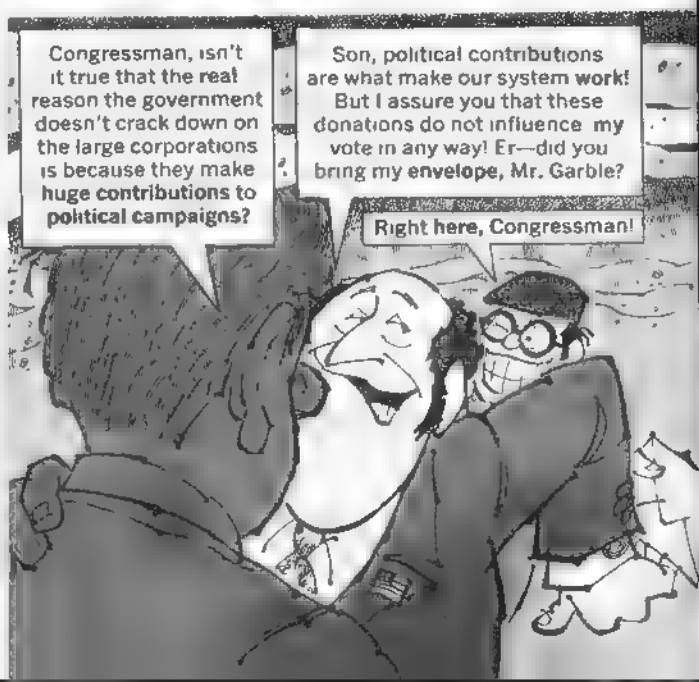

Actually, we photograph that part of the river as a public service!
I'm afraid I don't understand!
This ad will run on national TV, and a lot of people will be EATING while they watch it!
Would YOU want to see a picture of this part with your dinner?!?
GECCHHK!!


Why doesn't this company have a water purifying system?
Arthur, baby, they have the latest and best equipment available!
You mean that garbage being dumped into the water has been cleaned?
No, they purify the water they take out of the river to use in manufacturing —not the sludge they dump back! That would be much too expensive!


Do you think that new, tougher laws would help cut down this pollution?
We already have too many anti pollution laws! Fortunately, nobody is enforcing these unfair laws!
Why are they unfair?
They expect INDUSTRY to foot the bill for cleaning up the mess! After all, the air and the waters belong to everyone, so why should just a handful of companies have to pay everybody's share?!?


Arthur, when I look at this, I see booming industry, money, jobs, vacations in Florida—the American Way of Life . . . NOT pollution!
Corruption? Did I hear someone say something about corruption??
No—no, Congressman Pettifog! Pollution! POLLUTION!! This is Arthur Godly! He's interviewing me about environmental problems!


Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman of the Press! I'm all for ecology, too! I want to eliminate all the dirt and filth that blights our land!
You mean you want to shut down all these factories?
What are you . . . some kind of Pinko?!? I'm talking about the REAL pollution problem—the dirty Hippies! I say we throw 'em all in jail and give 'em all haircuts and baths! THEN America'd be beautiful again!


Congressman, isn't it true that the real reason the government doesn't crack down on the large corporations is because they make huge contributions to political campaigns?
Son, political contributions are what make our system work! But I assure you that these donations do not influence my vote in any way! Er—did you bring my envelope, Mr. Garble?
Right here, Congressman!

Why don't you make these companies use anti-pollution devices?

If I start messing around with anti-pollution red tape, they might shut down their plants and move to another state!

And you're worried about the unemployment that would cause?

Yeah! MINE!! Because if my constituents are out of work, they would NEVER re-elect me!!

It's hard to believe that a country that put a man on the moon cannot come up with a cheap, simple anti-emission device for an automobile!

Oh, we can MAKE the device! The problem is: Who will pay for it?

I'm sure people wouldn't mind paying a few extra bucks if it would help stop pollution!

Oh, yeah? Let's stop here and get the consumer's opinion on that . . .

We want air conditioning, power brakes and power steering, push-button windows . . .

How about an AM-FM radio, and a stereo tape deck?

Great! Er . . . do you make a built-in hair dryer?

Do you realize that all these gadgets will use more gas and that will cause more pollution?!?

Pollution? That's not my problem! That's the government's problem!

Would you be willing to pay $200 for an anti-pollution device for your new car?

200 bucks?! If I had 200 bucks to throw away, I'd buy me a Ferrari!

Must be one of those ecology freaks! They think money grows on trees!

Did you want white-wall tires, Sir?

Of course! And what about the water bed type seats I've heard about . . .?

What a mess! The public considers pollution a government problem! The government believes it's industry's problem! And industry doesn't think there IS a problem? What are we going to do about it?

Right now . . . ? We're going to use these! Because we're coming to the center of town!

Y'know, there IS a bright side to this ecology mess, Arthur! It has created thousands of new jobs!

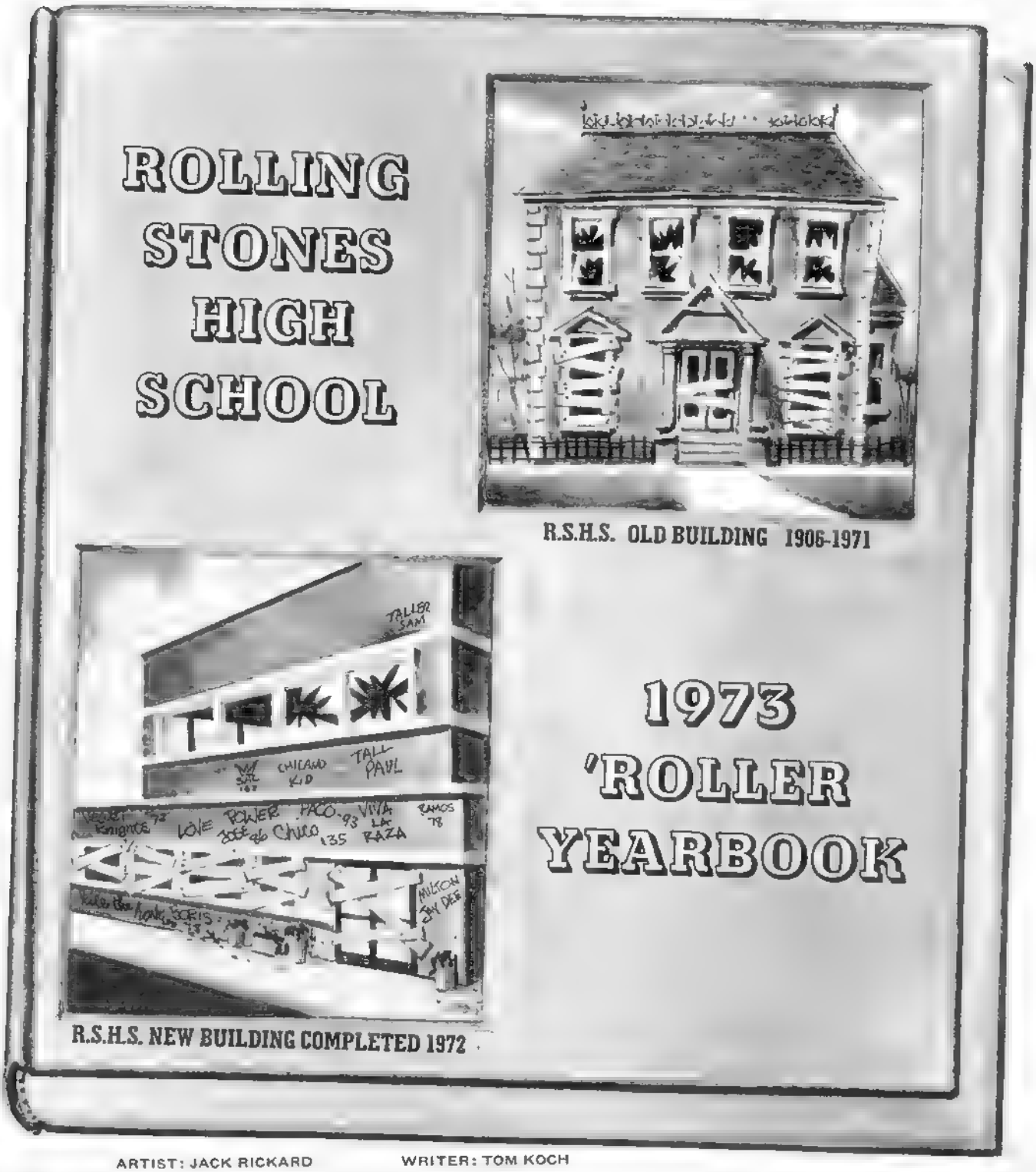
You mean for those trying to find a way to eliminate pollution?

No, for guys like me trying to find a way to SELL pollution!

SCHOOLDUGGERY DEPT.

Everything about the average American High School has changed except the Annual Yearbook. It still depicts life as it wasn't! Or, at least, as very few knew it to be! On behalf of the Class of '73, MAD protests this blatant disregard for the unvarnished, raunchy truth with its presentation of

A HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT REALLY IS



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

To the class of 1973:

It is my hope indeed that as a resultant of my own example, I have learned you kids considerable about the rewards which come direct from hard work.

Last year, when my flesh and blood brother Rudy was running for mayor, he promised me some cushy job such as principal of this school if I could deliver the vote in the fifth ward. It was tough, what with all the reformers and similar nuts which live in that ward. But I done it by a margin of 15,000 more votes than was cast.

With honest labor and persecution, you can all make good just like me. And don't none of you never forget it!

Potsy McTweed
$50,000 a year Principal

A MESSAGE FROM THIS YEAR'S MOST HONORED FACULTY MEMBER

To whoever I'm writing this to:

I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July. I was just told by somebody I never saw before that this yearbook is being dedicated to me for my faithful teaching service since 1907. Frankly, I don't remember where I've been or what I've been doing since 1907. All I know for sure is that I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July.

In any event, whatever I may have done to merit whatever this honor is I'm thanking you for, I thank you. Furthermore, I hope that you young people who have been gathering daily in my room on the third floor to ask questions will eventually find out the answers. Only then will you be prepared to go forth with heads held high into someplace and do something.

With memories that would be fond if I could remember them,

(Miss) Lucretia Lowenglazer

OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOST POPULAR FACULTY MEMBER OF 1973

To this year's graduating seniors:

I am simply thrilled to pieces that I have been named the most popular teacher of the year. Natch, the honor comes as a complete surprise, since our silly old system of segregating Phys Ed classes and locker rooms by gender means that I've never even had a chance to teach anything to you boys. At least not in the gym during school hours.

However, due to the peachy way things worked out, I have had an opportunity to meet a lot of you fellas individually. Off hand, I can't remember you all by name, but I treasure every single memory of the fun times we had together, and hopefully look forward to more of the same after your graduation.

Meantime, thanks loads for voting me your most popular teacher, even though I can't imagine what prompted you to do such a groovy thing.

Miss Flo Bergere

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Lolita Flickney, Valedictorian

For most of the Class of '73, our first bewildering days as freshmen at Rolling Stones High seem only a short time ago. Yet, these past four, or, in many cases, six or seven years, loom large and momentous indeed when we pause to think back over the events that have transpired. When we first arrived here in the fall of 1969, it had been scarcely three seasons since the football team last won a game; Prom Queen Muldavia Swobbick was only beginning to contemplate her first pregnancy, and Miss Lowenglazer's English Lit lectures were merely suspected of being the wild ramblings of a senile old fool.

Still lying far over the horizon were such unforeseen events as the misunderstanding between the Third Street Wanderers and the Velvet Knights that was destined to put 38 of our beloved classmates behind bars in 1971.

Now, those carefree days are all behind us. The cafeteria knifings, the study hall protection rackets, the porno ring: to these, we bid farewell. For we are no longer children, but adults, preparing to step out into the world in quest of that dream we all share: to find a little peace and quiet someplace.

CLAYBOURNE "SNEAK" ALTWELKER

Intra-mural bicycle thievery; switch-blade terror champ, 1971 Outstanding characteristics: ear wax and mouth breathing

FERN "BABY DOLL" BLOTCHNOY

Motorcycle Gang State Convention Queen, 1972. Hobbies: chain smoking Di Nobili Cigars and filthy vocabulary development

NKRUMA X. CHUTMAN

Led demand for Black Studies Program, 1970-71; dropped out of Black Studies Program, 1972.

BOBBY JOE DREK

Major activity, obscene gestures, major hobby, collecting obscene photos; major physical characteristic: obscene tattoos

GUY PUCE BAZZNEY

Communal shower phobia, 1969-73; over-protective mother, 1955-73. Majors: flower arrangement and needlepoint.

WANDA "GOODY TWO SHOES" BRITE

Highest grade average in school history; Honor Society Medal with oak leaf cluster; voted most despised member of senior class.

BERTHA LU DORFMEISTER

Regional weight-lifting champ, 1972; only girl in Stag Line at Senior Prom. Hobbies: copy flirtation and grand piano moving.

NIMROD "TWINKLE TOES" FUNGUS

Varsity football captain; set season record by stumbling and falling in his own end zone 16 times. Hobbies: recovering from fractures and watching Saturday morning TV cartoon programs.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973

FRED "NEVILLE" GRUBBLY

Founded school Ferrari Club, 1970; organized varsity polo team, 1971, indicted for stealing Ferraris and polo ponies, 1972

NUNZIO "BANANAS" LEFFERMAN

Class Protection Racket Collector, 1970-73; Junior Achievement Loan Shark Project, 1972. Chief characteristics: inhuman brutality and body lice

FERGUS "SLATS" PITUITARY

Only member of graduating class more than seven feet tall, only seven footer in any class ever cut from basketball team due to inability to understand the object of the game.

FIDEL CHE VLUPEREZ

Led school Brown Beret boycott of all California grown farm products, 1972-73, suffered attacks of beri-beri, rickets, and scurvy from refusing to eat California grown farm products, 1971-73.

"COOL CARLA" ZUBBERMAN

President of Rudolph Valentino Fan Club, 1971; entered ashes of her grandfather in Hobby Fair, 1972. Hobbies; talking to statues and sniffing crab grass.

EPPA LAVERNE KRUMSINGER

Chief accomplishment: crusading for Women's Lib by adopting the bra-less look; chief failure adopting the bra-less look and not having anybody notice

FRIEDA MUNSTERS

Scored "Extremely Lousy" on Senior Emotional Adjustment Test. Notable habits: eating library paste and yelling hysterically at fire drills.

MULDAVIA SWOBBICK

Senior Prom Queen, 1972; became only mother of twins in senior class, 1973. Notable features makes friends easily and suffers morning sickness often

WILBUR OSGOOD WORMSLEY

School activities: none; social life: none; friends: none. Only notable feature owns three local office buildings bought with profits from shrewd stock market speculations, 1971-73

OUR ATHLETES IN ACTION

1972-73 SPORTS IN ACTION

by Grantland Rentzsch, Sports Editor

The year just ending has indeed been a memorable one for the R.S.H.S. steamroller athletic teams. Most incredible was the 'Roller football squad which extended its record breaking streak to 57 consecutive losses. The chronic drinking problem of Coach Bronko Sotwell, again paved the way for the 'Rollers to remain the laughing stock of the conference.

The basketball team fared considerably better, dropping only four games and winning one, while refusing to show up for the other 17 as a result of sheer panic. Prospects for next season look even brighter, chiefly because all of this year's rotten players are graduating and will be replaced by inexperienced newcomers.

The track team's hopes for a respectable season were quickly snuffed out when Star Miler Kipjo Wartman took up chain smoking and gradually increased his time in the event from 4:22 to 12:06.

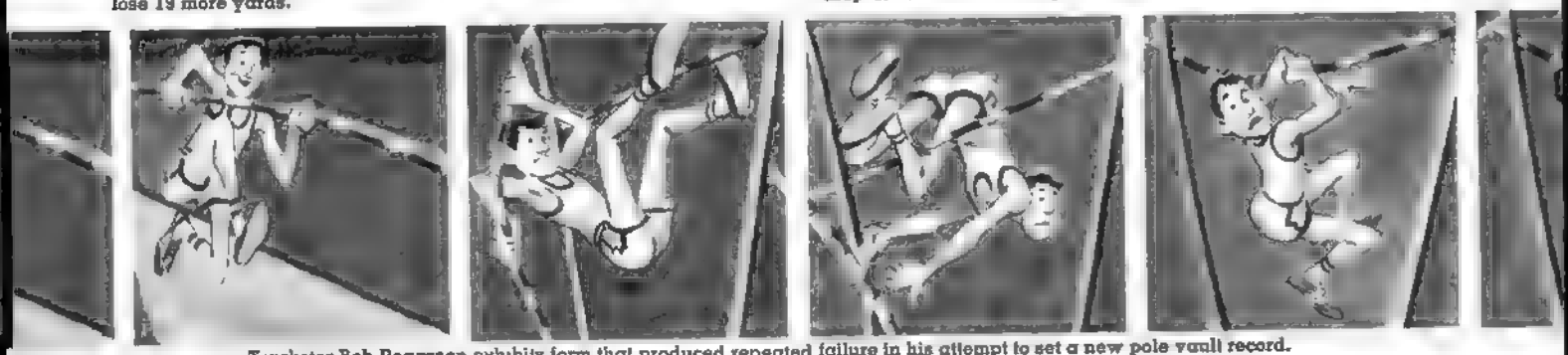
The 1972-73 Character Building Award was unanimously voted to Athletic Director Tug Flummert for mustering up the guts to resign despite a complete lack of job prospects elsewhere.

Varsity outfield poses for group photo while determined opposition is scoring three runs in critical baseball game.

Roller cage fans become swept up by emotions as team falls behind in crucial game.

Surprise gridiron maneuver enables Ace Quarterback Fungus to lose 19 more yards.

Tennis Captain Pancho Himmler scores upset victory with clever "drop shot" that encourages opponent to forfeit the match.



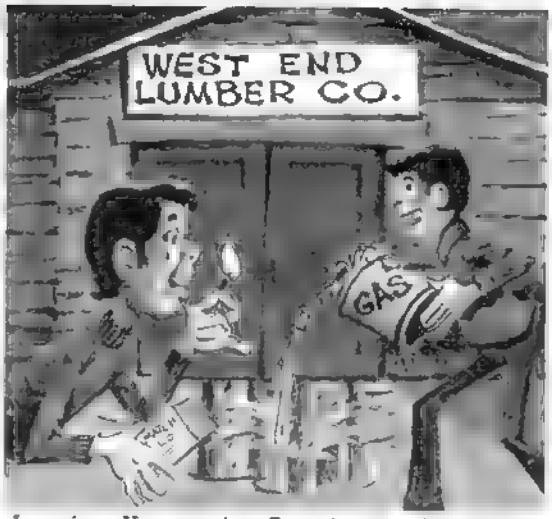
Trackster Bob Peagreen exhibits form that produced repeated failure in his attempt to set a new pole vault record.

SCHOOLDAY MEMORIES

That exciting moment at Assembly when we all stood in a mass tribute to surviving members of the Rolling Stones High class of 1903.

Who can ever forget those moments of nausea when the School Cafeteria's Special of the Day was the "Mystery Casserole"?

Playing brutal pranks on freshmen remained a time-honored Rolling Stones High tradition.



Ingenious Homecoming Committee made sure this year's Pep Rally bonfire was the most spectacular ever.

Totally undisciplined football card section sometimes performed almost as badly as the totally undisciplined football team.

Ziggie's Malt Shop was a favorite student hangout until the local fuz discovered that it didn't serve malts.

SCHOOLDAY MEMORIES

SCHOOLDAY MEMORIES

Prior to his commitment, King Kong Vledmuig often relieved the tension of boredom in Gemetry III by running amok.

Assembly program staged by the Sex Education Class drew a large, appreciative audience, including the Vice Squad.

The library was our frequently chosen spot for meeting old friends and making new ones.

Geordie Schlep spent tireless hours adding specimens to his wrist watch collection for display at the Hobby Fair.

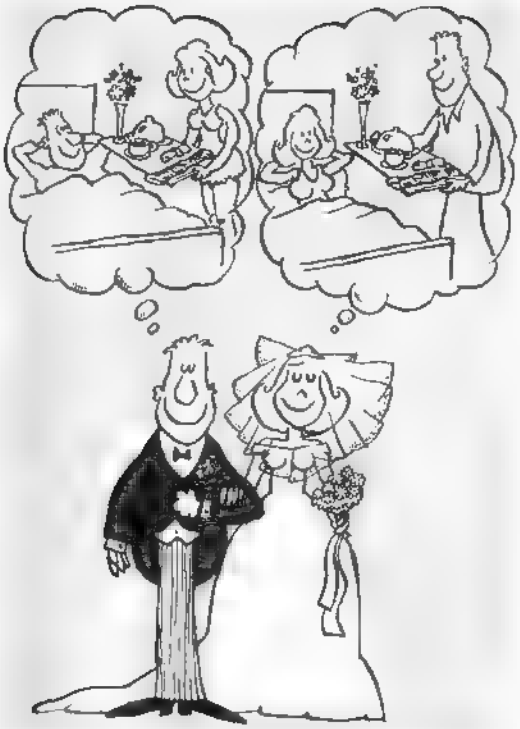
'Roller Debating Team employed brilliant persuasive techniques to place first in the School District competition.

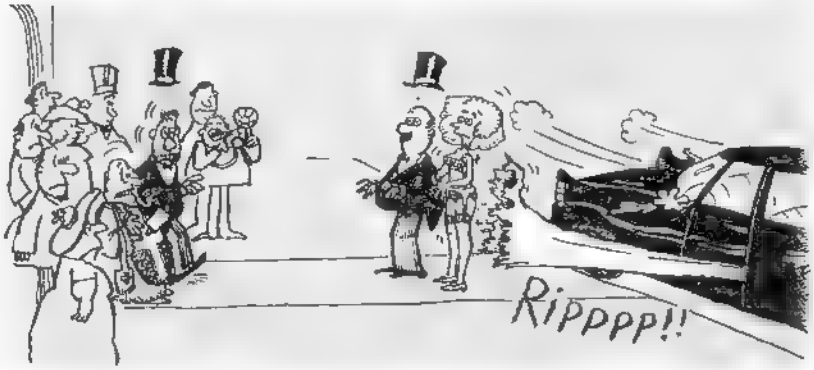
The "Weekly 'Roller" lost several staff members when this group decided to found a more relevant school paper, "Voice of the Proletariat."

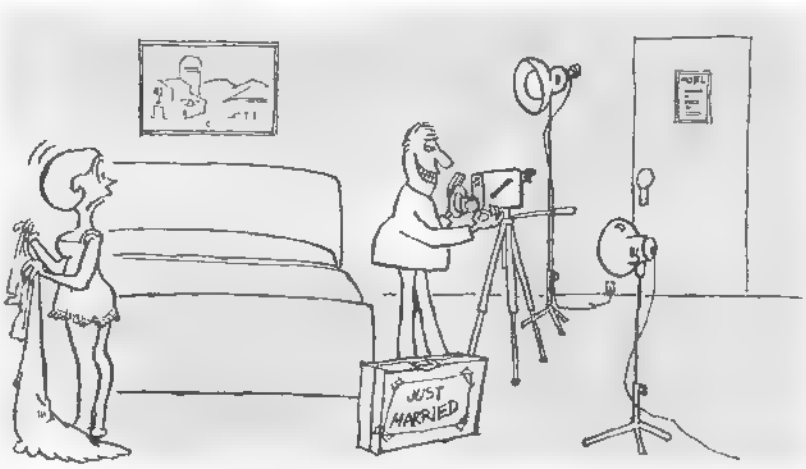
SCHOOLDAY MEMORIES

THE WED MENACE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT W

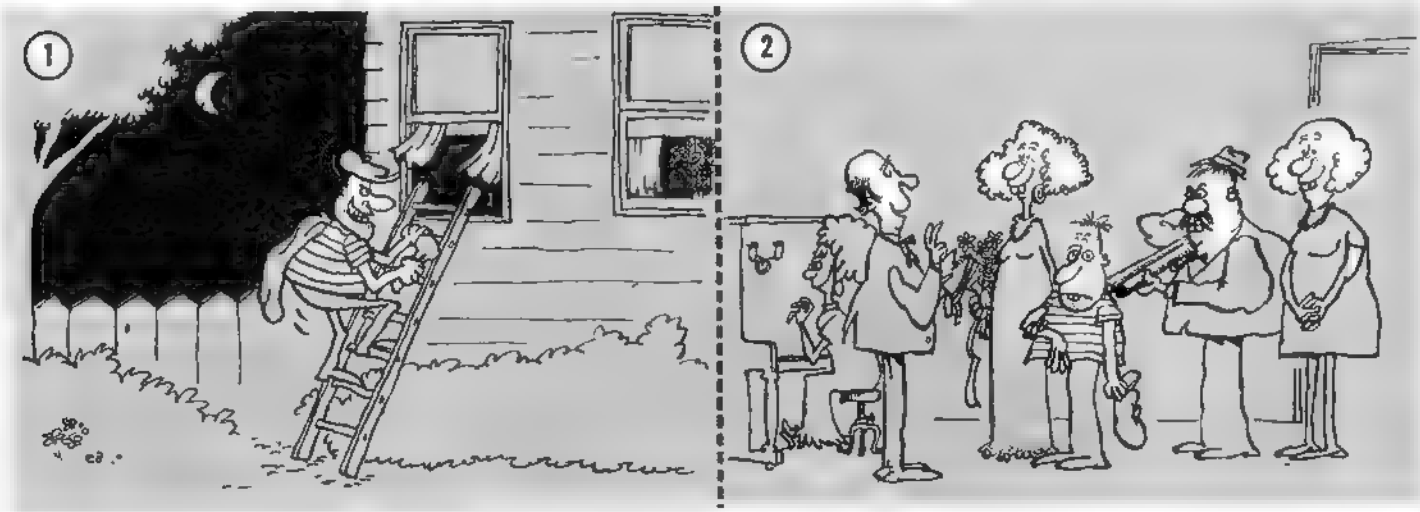


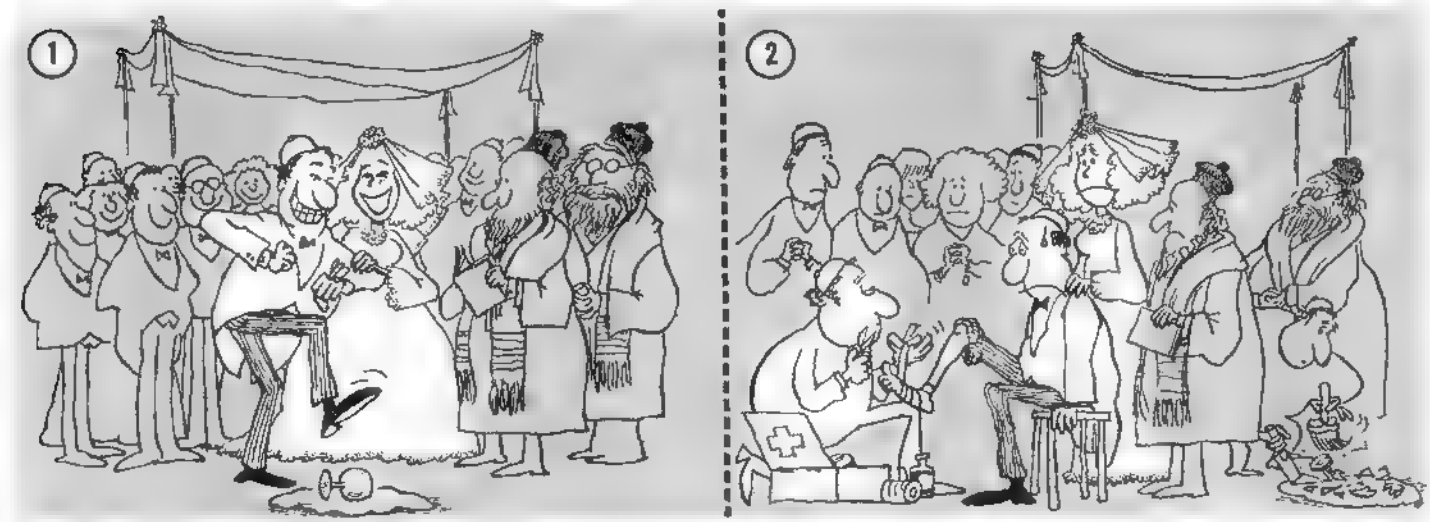




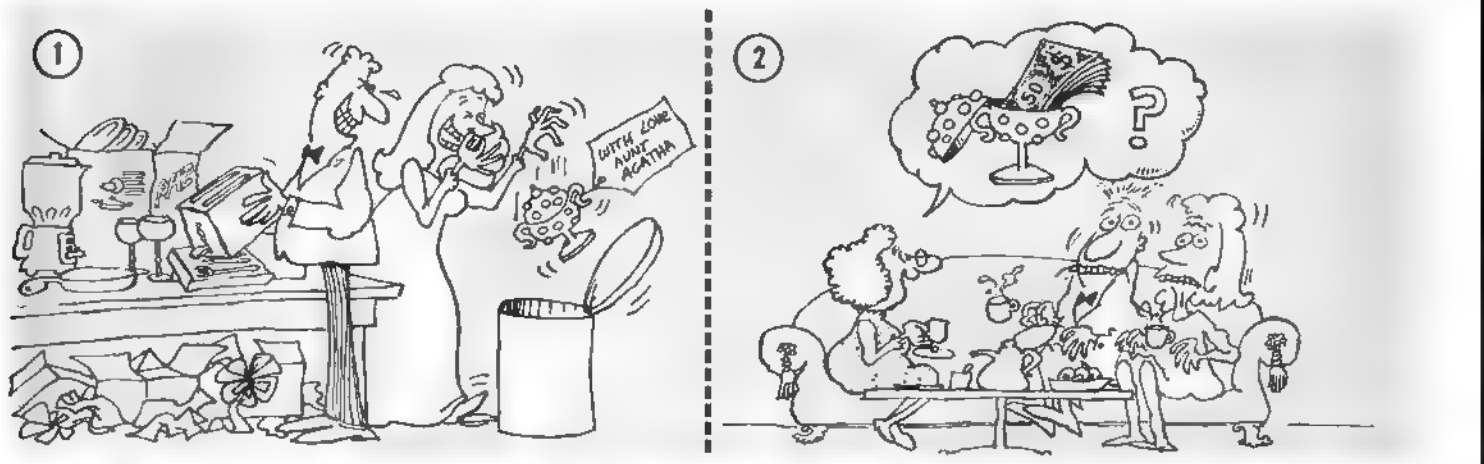
EDDINGS

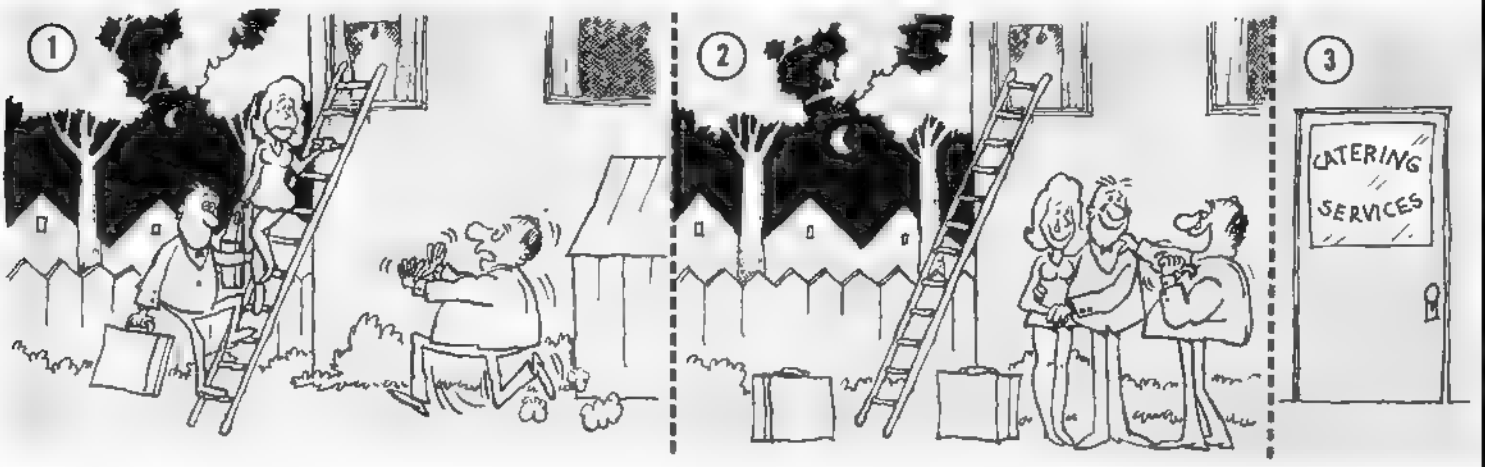
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





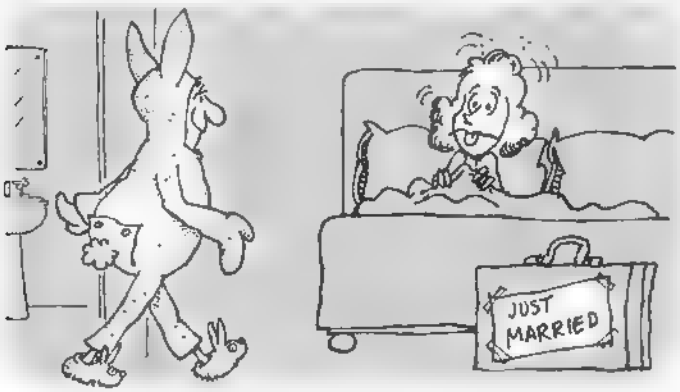
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE


WITH LOVE AUNT AGATHA
?


CATERING SERVICES

4

5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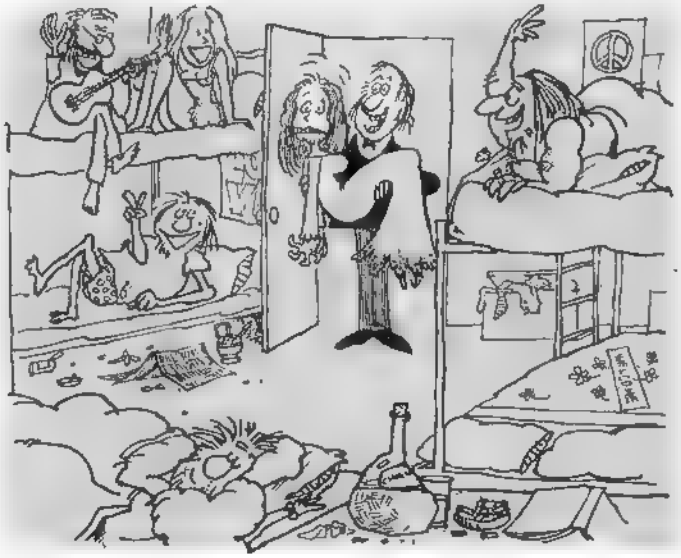
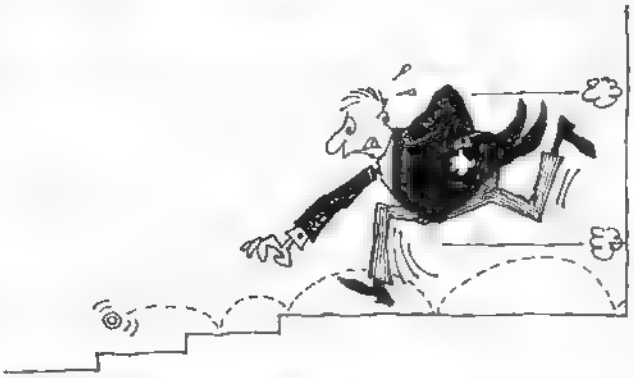
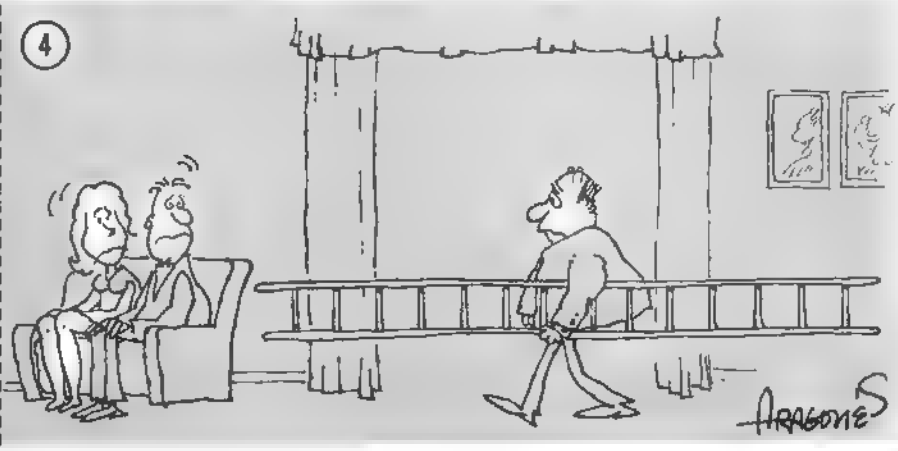
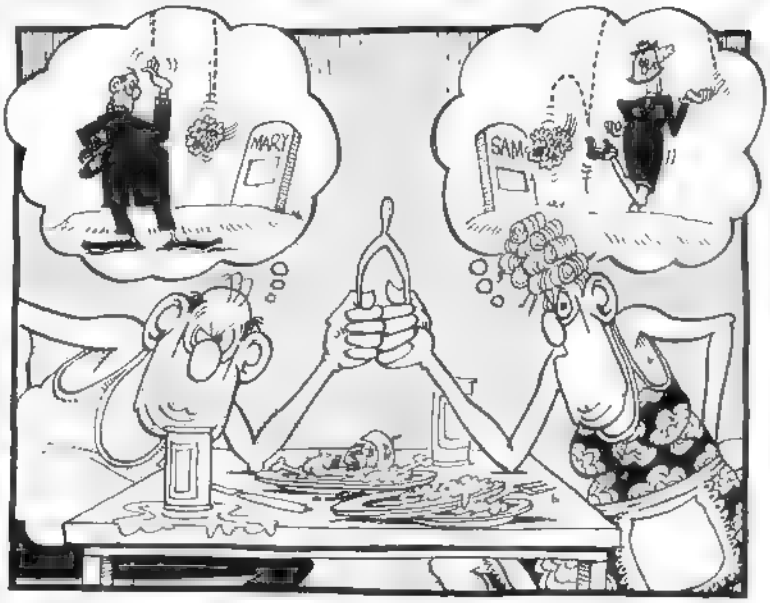


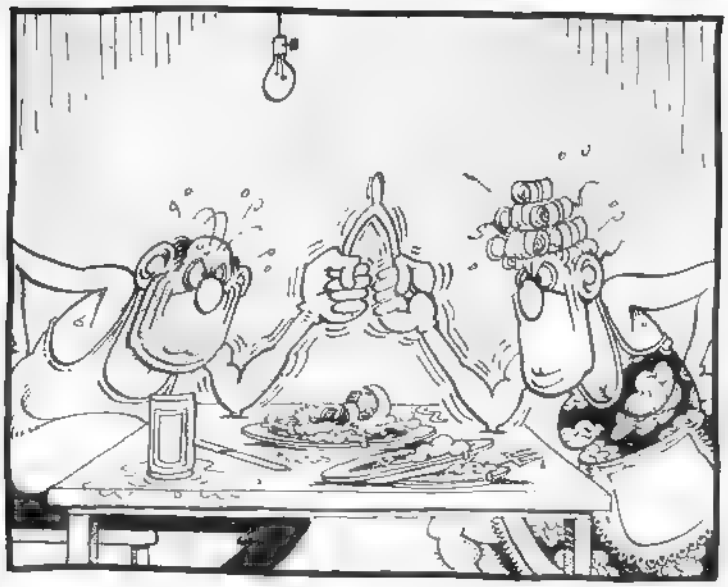


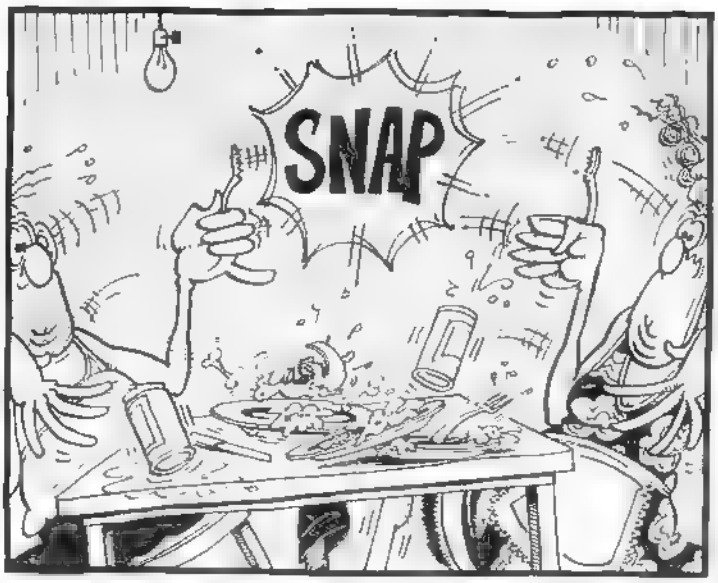

4
ARAGONES

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY WITH A WISHBONE







SING, YOU SINNERS DEPT.

In MAD #153 we took a job down memory lane in a nostalgic look at some typical sports movies of the past and present. In MAD #160 (that's *this* issue, stupid!) we are going to look at some typical religious movies of the past and present! How's that for a new departure!? Let's begin with

"Going Thy Way"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I niver touch the stuff except for **medical reasons.** However, I do feel a bit of a **chill** comin' on . . .

An' why would the Bishop be sendin' me **an assistant?** I've handled things here for 60 years **by meself.** Besides, people don't come to Saint Simeon's like they did in the good old days. The young folks would rather **hang around the pool hall** than come to **church!**

Our job is to bring the **straying lambs** back into the fold!

How do you propose we do **that?** Grab them whippersnappers by the scruff of the neck and **drag** them in? I **tried** it and it didn't **work!!**

"If Muhammad won't come to the mountain, then move the mountain to Muhammad."

Saints preserve us! I won't have that kind of **blasphemy** in me own church!

It's just a **saying,** Father! I mean that if the kids **prefer** the **pool hall,** move the pool hall to the **church!** We'll put billiard tables in the basement!

Hi, boys, I'm Father O'Irish. I'm starting a **choir** and I thought some of you might like to join!

Look, Faddah, we don't go fer that **sissy stuff,** like singin'!

I sing and I don't think it's **sissy stuff!**

Oh, it's okay for **priests**—you wear **skirts!** I mean for **US** it's sissy stuff!

Well, suppose we make a **little wager!** Let's shoot a game of pool. If I **win,** you boys **join the choir.** If I **lose,** I **pay the round** and never **mention** choir to you again! **Fair enough?**

You're **on,** Faddah!

Go **easy** on him, Sphritz! I hate to see a grown priest **cry!**

Oh, these balls for Saint Simeon's I see they are falling . . .

Hey, Faddah! You're a ringer! Where'dja learn to shoot like that?!

Not to mention that voice! He's almost as good as Sinatra!

CRRACK

It's nothing, fellas, just a little something I picked up working my way through college. Tell you what, I'll give you all some shooting lessons after choir practice!

Hey, guys, didja hear that? The Faddah's gonna teach us how to become pool hustlers!

Jeez, da Faddah's an all right guy!

Shpritz, you have a lovely soprano voice!

Tanks, Faddah! I'm sure glad you showed us how much fun choich can be!

Yeah, if it wasn't fer you, we'd be out on da streets doin' all kinds of horrible tings, like pickin' up goils!

Let's stop all dis gabbin' an sing before I rap yez all inna mout!

Sure, an' it's a miracle! A new stained glass window, an' people comin' to church like it was Easter Sunday! It's all your doin', Father O'Irish

I just pointed the way, Father!

You're too modest, me lad! It was your idea to have Bingo, Monday through Thursday, a raffle every Friday, and a teenage dance on Saturday! Now if you can only come up with a way to get them to Mass on Sunday!

BINGO
RAFFLE
DANCE
US OPEN
MASTERS
INDY 500

Father, my job here at Saint Simeon's is finished. I'm afraid I have to leave.

I'm going to miss you, lad. Especially the way you— *sniff—sniff—*

The way I sing those Irish ballads?

No, the way you call the numbers for the Bingo game!

Tu-ra-lu-ra-lu-ra, Father O'Irish!

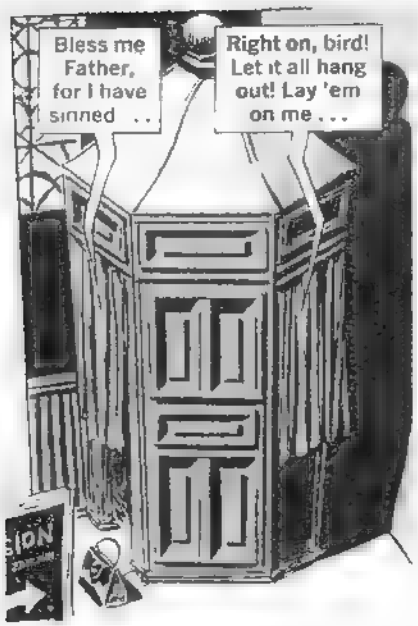
And an N-27 to you, Father McFitzpatrick!

So long, Faddah! We'se gonna miss youse!

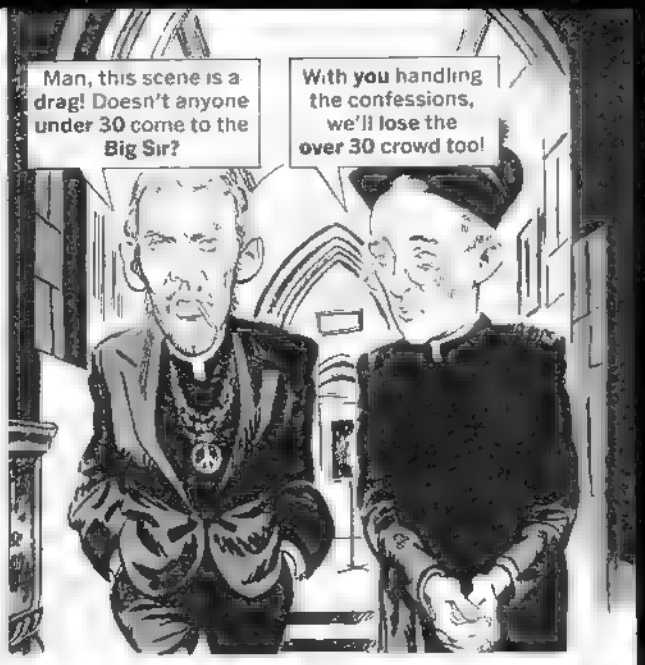
So long, Minnesota!

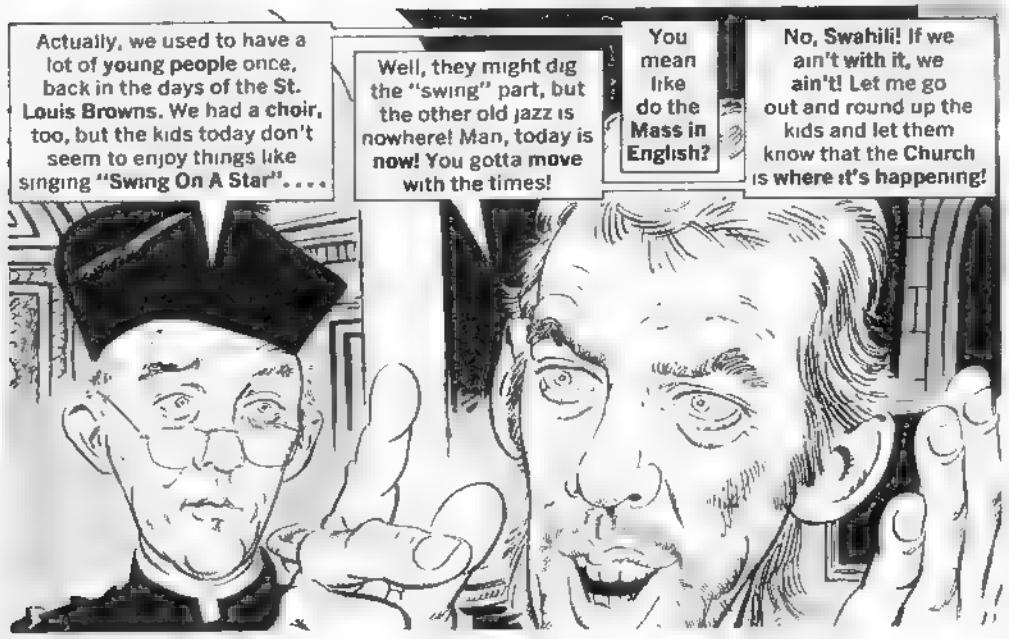
. . . and like that! But today, religion is changing at such a fantastic pace that even the movies have trouble catching up! Movies like . . .

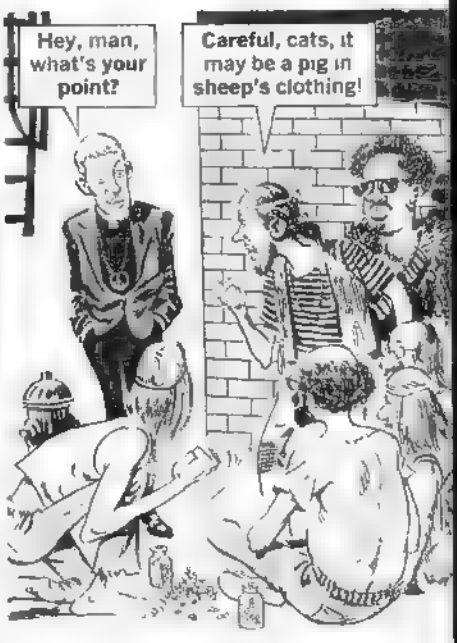
"Going Way Out"

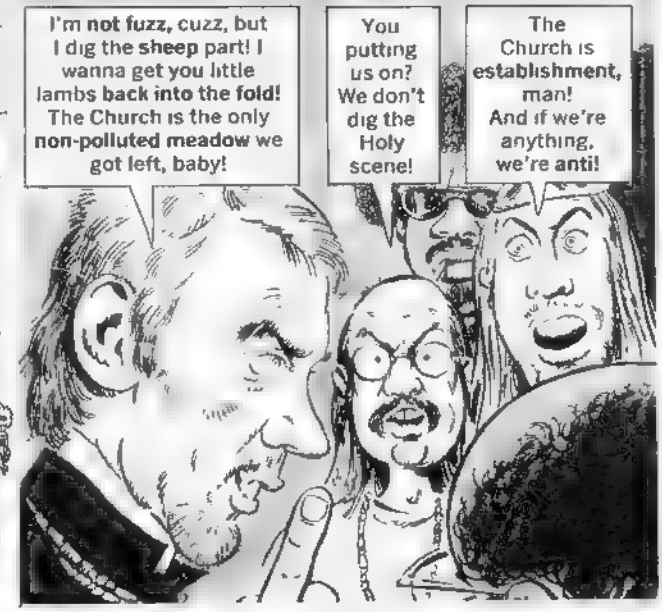

Bless me Father, for I have sinned . .
Right on, bird! Let it all hang out! Lay 'em on me . . .

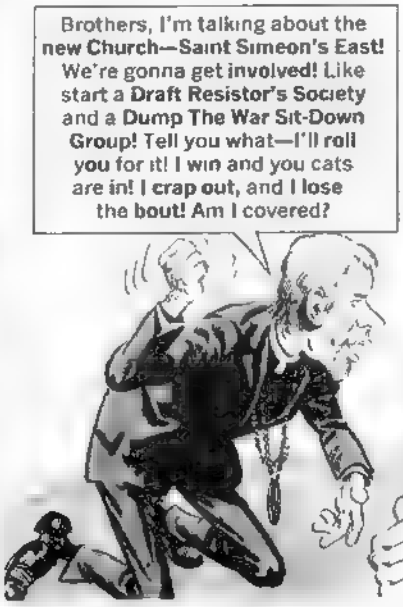
YAAAAAAA

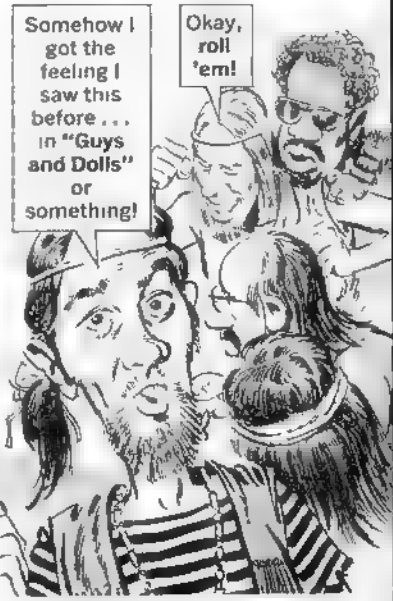

Man, this scene is a drag! Doesn't anyone under 30 come to the Big Sir?
With you handling the confessions, we'll lose the over 30 crowd too!


Actually, we used to have a lot of young people once, back in the days of the St. Louis Browns. We had a choir, too, but the kids today don't seem to enjoy things like singing "Swing On A Star". . . .
Well, they might dig the "swing" part, but the other old jazz is nowhere! Man, today is now! You gotta move with the times!
You mean like do the Mass in English?
No, Swahili! If we ain't with it, we ain't! Let me go out and round up the kids and let them know that the Church is where it's happening!


Hey, man, what's your point?
Careful, cats, it may be a pig in sheep's clothing!


I'm not fuzz, cuzz, but I dig the sheep part! I wanna get you little lambs back into the fold! The Church is the only non-polluted meadow we got left, baby!
You putting us on? We don't dig the Holy scene!
The Church is establishment, man! And if we're anything, we're anti!

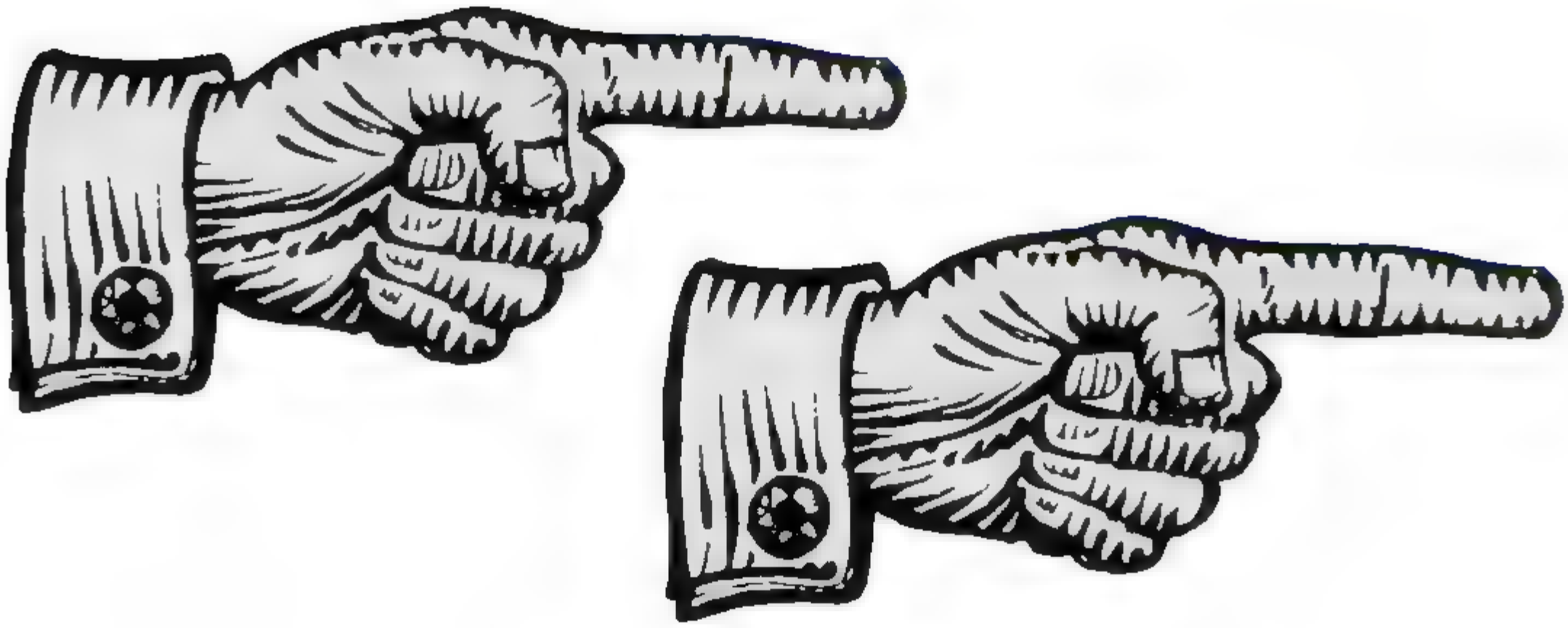

Brothers, I'm talking about the new Church—Saint Simeon's East! We're gonna get involved! Like start a Draft Resistor's Society and a Dump The War Sit-Down Group! Tell you what—I'll roll you for it! I win and you cats are in! I crap out, and I lose the bout! Am I covered?


Somehow I got the feeling I saw this before . . . in "Guys and Dolls" or something!
Okay, roll 'em!

RATTLE RATTLE
Come seven, come eleven . . . For Our Father which art in Heaven!
Seven! I win, cats, so you win!
Hey, man, you shoot pretty cool for a preacher!
In college they called me the Holy Roller!
What's going on here? Who are these things, and what are they doing in my church?
They're attending Sunday services!
At 3 in the morning, on Tuesday?!?
Everyday is Sunday if you believe! Besides, we've saving Sunday for something special! There's gonna be a wedding!
You mean somebody's actually getting married?
Right on, Man! ME!
It figures— nobody bothers getting married nowadays except priests!
Father Kowalski, I have a warrant for your arrest!
What's the charge?
Draft card burning!
You're going to arrest a priest for burning a draft card?
Not a draft card, Father—seventy-eight thousand draft cards! He set fire to the Draft Board!
Hang in there, Father!
We shall overcome, Brother!
Keep the faith, baby!
He sure is a strange one for a priest, but at least he got the kids off the street and back to Church!
Yeah, now my problem is how do I get them out of my Church and back on the street?
FREE THE SIMIONS 1
POLICE
POLICE

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHICH OF NATURE'S RAVAGES CONTINUES TO DEFY MODERN TECHNOLOGY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Man has been locked in battle with Nature since he first appeared on Earth! Although he has often won, there is one frustrating area where he hasn't even gained a toehold. To find out what this disastrous loss is, simply fold in the page as shown at right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

GREAT ADVANCES MADE IN TECHNOLOGY TODAY ARE DOING WONDERS IN PREVENTING DISASTERS. BUT ONE BAD NATURAL CATASTROPHE HAS SCIENCE STOPPED COLD

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHICH OF NATURE'S RAVAGES CONTINUES TO DEFY MODERN TECHNOLOGY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

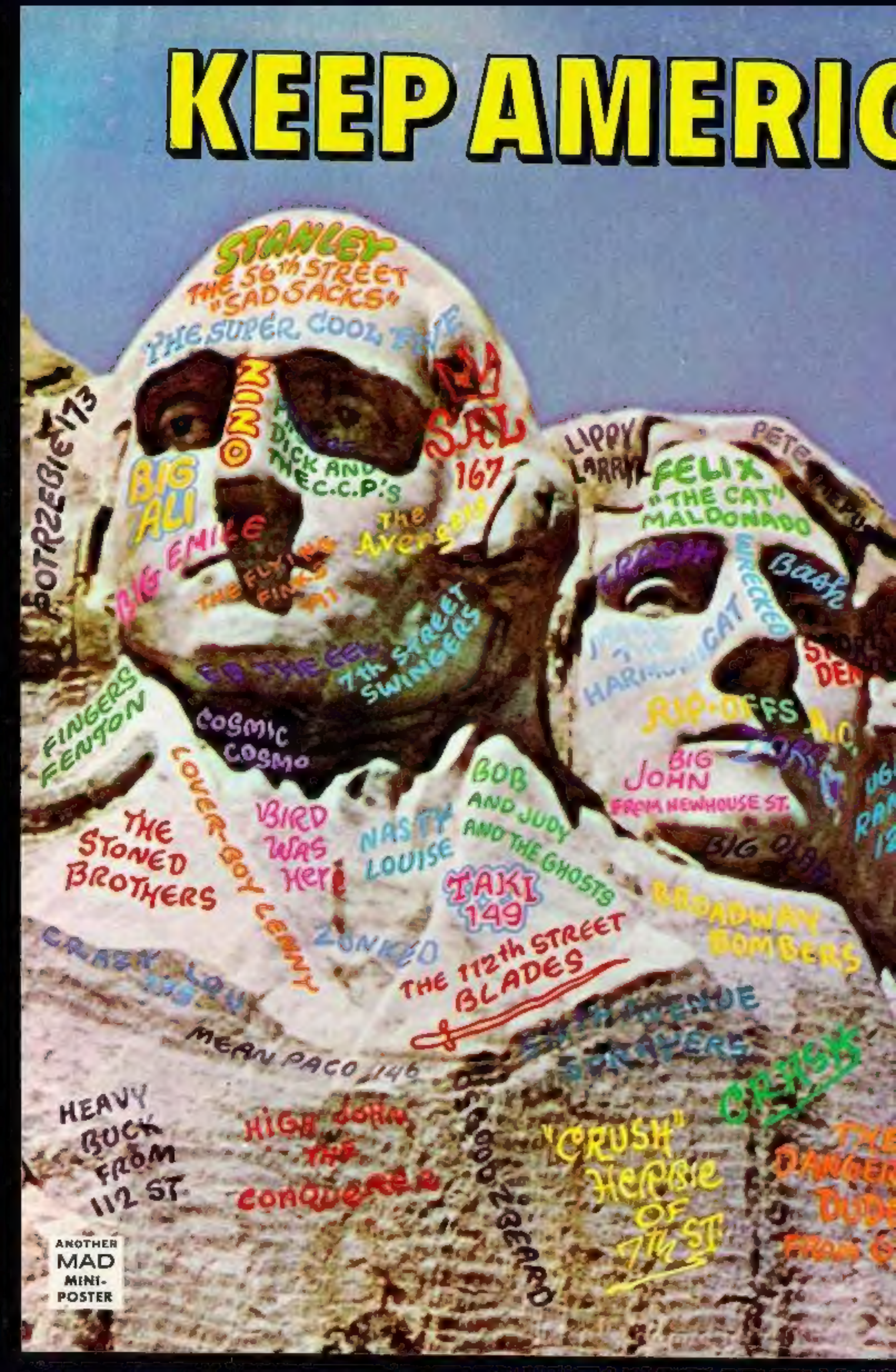
GOING

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BALD

A►◄B

KEEP AMERIC


STANLEY
56th STREET
"SAD SACKS"
THE SUPER COOL
ONION
SAL
167
BIG ALI
DICK AND THE C.C.P.'S
The Avengers
BIG EMILE
THE FLYING FINGERS
7th STREET SWINGERS
COSMIC COSMO
FINGERS FENTON
LIPPY LARRY
FELIX "THE CAT" MALDONADO
BIG JOHN FROM NEWHOUSE ST.
BOB AND JUDY AND THE GHOSTS
NASTY LOUISE
BIRD WAS HERE
THE STONED BROTHERS
LOVER-BOY LENNY
TAKI 149
BROADWAY BOMBERS
THE 112th STREET BLADES
MEAN PACO 146
HEAVY BUCK FROM 112 ST.
HIGH JOHN THE CONQUEROR
"CRUSH" HERSHE OF 7th ST
CRASH
ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

CA BEAUTIFUL